Sheena Queen of The Jungle

SHEENA REVISED SCRIPT
BY: Lorenzo Semple Jr
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FADE IN:

EXT. AFRICA - WIDE PANORAMA - NIGHT

1 Majestic, mysterious. Bright moonlight. Trees and mountains against a luminous sky, as sharp as cardboard cutouts. We HEAR SOUND of rushing water, light glints off the top of the great Zambuli Falls. CAMERA PANS OFF THEM. Headlights of a car. A touring car of the 1950's goes by on a dirt track, heading for the distant hills. As it passes, we read lettering on the door: "PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL MISSION."

2 INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

It's entering a wooded area now. Seated in back is JANET AMES, a lovely blonde child no more that four years old, golden hair shimmering wonderfully in the moonlight. Next to her is her mother BETSY AMES. PHILIP AMES drives, beside him imposing CHIEF HAROMBA of the Zambulis.

Betsy has a flashlight, turned on some photos she's riffling through. Pauses, leans forward to show one.

BETSY
Phil... When did you take this one?

PHILIP
Tuesday.

BETSY
It's impossible ... this man can't still be alive. He's covered with tumors from head to foot!

Philip reacts suddenly, hits the brake.

3 EXT. IN HEADLIGHT BEAM - LOW ANGLE

Startling sight. A little way beyond them, the HEAD OF AN AFRICAN NATIVE sticks up out of the ground, where he is otherwise totally buried. His eyes dart around wildly, caught in the bright light.

The Ameses and Haromba have gotten out, they walk INTO SHOT. We notice something else now. The soil immediately surrounding the Buried Man is different in texture from the rest of the forest ground. Philip turns his flashlight on that, then swings it to the side. PAN WITH THE FLASHLIGHT. The curious white loam runs in a path to a CAVE MOUTH some distance away, it's almost like some kind of earth-flow has emerged from there.

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BACK TO SCENE

Philip takes that in a moment, then turns back and bends down where the head sticks up. He bends down, pokes a finger into the whitish stuff.

PHILIP
May I take a sample?

HAROMBA
This ground is sacred.

PHILIP
We're both doctors, you know.

HAROMBA
Sacred ground. No person but a Zambuli has ever seen it before.

Haromba's stony face tells Philip not to push it. DRUMS suddenly start beating.

4 WIDE - THE FOREST AROUND THEM

Coming alive with bonfires. ZAMBULI TRIBESMEN can be glimpsed in ceremonial garb, the drums grow LOUDER.

5 SHOTS - ZAMBULI TRIBESMAN

Starting to dance by the leaping flames, their faces wonderfully painted, many with headdress representing various animals.

WITH BETSY AMES

She runs back to the car where little Janet was left.

BETSY
Darling ... we're right here, darling! Don't be scared!

Betsy lifts the child, holds her. Janet is watching the dancers over her mother's shoulder. MOVE CLOSE on her. She doesn't seem scared at all, in fact she is <u>smiling</u> mysteriously.

6 EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - NIGHT

Same drums carry THROUGH THE CUT, semi-distant here. A sinewy leopard is perched on a rock, outlined against the moon. It HOWLS. Again. Suddenly THE SHAMAN appears IN FRAME beside the leopard. She's a woman, tall and imposing, almost massive in physique, she has the aura of Mother Africa.

6 CONTINUED:

She's clad in an outfit which includes a leopard-skin cape, headpiece, and a heavy arm-bracelet. The sudden appearence is startling, awesome. The Shaman closes her eyes and trembles, she's clearly sensing something.

7 CU JANET

Golden haired innocence, watching what few children have ever seen. The drums are deafening now, there's frenzied CHANTING. A sudden unison SHOUT rings out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Tribesmen have dug into that patch of loam around the Buried Men. Strong arms have grasped him, he is suddenly pulled from the earth. His skin as absolutely clear and healthy. Not a trace of those tumors we heard about. He lifts his hands to the sky and slowly turns, exhibiting himself. ANGLE OFF to Philip and Betsy Ames. They're flabbergasted, almost speechless.

PHILIP
My God. It's true. The healing earth exists!

8 EXT. ZAMBULI VILLAGE AREA - DAWN

PAN OVER IT. Sleeping, nobody stirring. HOLD on a tent pitched at the edge. Philip and Betsy Ames slip out, carrying packs. They look around to be sure nobody sees them, then hurry away.

9 INT. TENT

Little Janet wakes up suddenly. She sees her Mom and Dad aren't there, she rises uncertainly to her feet.

10 EXT. FOREST AND CAVEMOUTH AREA - DAWN

Scene of last night's miracle. Philip and Betsy appear through the trees. The pit where the man was buried has been filled in, strewn over with leaves and things. Philip takes that in, looks toward the cavemouth.

PHILIP
The source has got to be inside Gudjara mountain. Let's have a shot at it.

BETSY
I have the wobblies. Remember what Chief Haromba said?

CONTINUED:

PHILIP
Caves are strange, they can have weird echo-effects. But you know as well as I do, Betts ... echoes don't kill people.

11 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE AREA - DAWN

Janet walks along, stops, calls:

JANET
Mommy!

No answer. She starts to run.

12 INT. CAVE

The Ameses advance with flashlights playing on the walls. The beams show an odd whitish streak. Whisper:

PHILIP
We'll take a sample here.

They sling off their packs, get out jars and hammers and chisels.

13 EXT. CAVEMOUTH - DAWN

Janet comes running by, stops as she sees something. It's the scarf her mother was wearing, dropped on the ground. The child goes warily into the cavemouth.

14 INT. CAVE

Betsy holds a light as Philip digs into the wall with a chisel. From the distance, very faint:

JANET'S VOICE
Mommy?

Betsy whirls and calls loudly:

BETSY
Janet!

The cry echoes and echoes. But an amazing thing happens. Instead of diminishing with each repetition, the echo becomes louder and louder, it grows to an absolute thunder of reverberation. The sound is terrifying and demonic, a great chunk of rock falls. Betsy jumps aside and SCREAMS, and that sound starts being echo-amplified too.

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15 JANET - JUST INSIDE THE CAVE

Standing paralyzed, holding her ears. The whole earth is rumbling.

16 EXT. FOREST AREA - DAWN

Haromba and other Zambuli are running up through the trees. GRINDING ROAR of falling rock. They stop and shrink back.

17 EXT. CAVEMOUTH - SHOTS

Dust billowing out, a final crashing from within, and then silence. From the dust appears Janet Ames, walking dazedly, weeping.

The Zambuli gape at her. Haromba starts walking forward. ROAR of a leopard stops him short.

PAN OFF FAST. The Shaman and her beast, emerging from the trees.

INTERCUTS - THE SHAMAN AND JANET

There's something instantly between them, totally mysterious. The child stops weeping, she's serene, it's as if in some way she realizes this is predestined.

The Shaman lifts the child in her hands, light as a feather. She holds Janet up before the amazed Zambuli and cries out in a rich, full voice:

THE SHAMAN
The prophecy has come to pass. On a day when the sacred mountain cries out, a golden girl child will come from the depths of Gudjara! And she shall grow in wisdom and be the protector of the Zambuli and all their creatures!
(lifting her higher)
And she shall be called by the name of Sheena ... Queen of the Jungle!

The first rays of the sun come over the mountain and strike little Sheena's head, her hair is a golden dazzling mist.

BEGIN MAIN TITLES AND CREDITS. They will continue until the end is indicated.

18 EXT. AFRICAN LANDSCAPE - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY.

The Shaman carrying the Child Sheena across the vast landscape, starting up the mountain where she lives.

19 EXT. SHAMAN'S HOME - TWILIGHT

Rocky outcrop dominating the great plains and forests. The Shaman lays Child Sheena down in a soft leafy bower. She smooths the hair back, crooning over with love:

THE SHAMAN
Sleep now, little daughter.
This long day is over. Much
to learn ... more to forget.

20 EXT. VERDANT AREA - DAY

Child Sheena, now in a twist of breechclout, picks and bites a strange pretty fruit. Awful face, spits it out. She turns. The Shaman shakes her head. Sheena picks another fruit, a very ugly prickly one. She bashes it open dubiously, tastes it. The ugly one is dee-licious.

21 EXT. RIVER BANK AREA - DAY

Child Sheena tugs at a branch lodged under a log in the river, The Shaman watching. The log is in fact a CROCODILE, it suddenly opens its monstrous jaws. Sheena shrieks and runs back. The Shaman advances and puts an arm into the open jaws. They do not close on it. Sheena's amazed. Withdrawing her arm, The Shaman points off.

PAN AROUND. It's a real Peaceable Kingdom here. On the riverbank, sunning themselves a dozen yards apart, lie an OX and a LION.

22 EXT. FOREST - DAY

CHIMPS swing from vines. The Shaman lifts Child Sheena to take hold of a vine and follow the chimps' example. She swings.

23 EXT. FOREST AREA - DAY

Child Sheena watches The Shaman, who stands motionless, concentrating, eyes shut and fingers pressed to forehead in a distinctive manner. This is Sheena's first lesson in the very important art of summoning. Few beats, then a CRASHING SOUND in the underbrush. CHANGO THE ELEPHANT comes trotting up, lifts his head and trumpets.

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Delightedly, Sheena presses own fingers to forehead and imitates The Shaman's gesture. Nothing seems to happen. No elephant. The Shaman touches Sheena to break the spell, points down. MOVE TO ECU. An anthill. One ant is poked out, standing up, wiggling its antennae.

THE SHAMAN (V.O.)
Small person summons small creature. You will grow, my daughter.

24 EXT. PLAINS - SHOTS - DAY

She has grown, now she's YOUNG SHEENA, around eight or nine. She's running with the GAZELLES, she's very swift. The Shaman watches approvingly as the golden haired girl becomes a dot on the boundless African horizon.

25 EXT. FOREST AREA - DAY

Young Sheena summoning, watching M'BONGO THE CHIMPANZEE, a big one in a tree. She's got it ... almost. M'Bongo doesn't budge, but suddenly a much smaller chimpanzee drops from above and kisses Sheena. This one's TIKI. Big M'Bongo laughs insolently.

26 EXT. SHAMAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Young Sheena sits by a fire, holding a child-size archer's bow, as The Shaman sits across from her, recounting:

THE SHAMAN
... a thousand thousand moons ago, before She-Who-Is-Unknown taught us peace, the Zambuli were great archers. You will recall this when your time comes.

SHEENA
When will that be, Shaman?

THE SHAMAN
I cannot say, Sheena. But there will be a great trouble over the land, you will know it when it comes.

27 EXT. PLAINS - DAY

A herd of ZEBRA grazes. Young Sheena summons again. A foal looks up, trots over. At The Shaman's urging, Sheena tries to mount it. The skittery creature throws her. The Shaman picks Sheena up, comforts her with obvious great love.

28 EXT. ZAMBULI VILLAGE - DAY

Handsome Zambuli tribesmen surround Young Sheena and The Shaman. M'Bola helps The Shaman rig a sort of bridle, it's fitted into the same zebra-foal's mouth. Sheena is hoisted aboard. It works. CHEERING as Sheena is led around in her first bumpy riding lesson, The Shaman watching like any proud but anxious parent.

29 EXT. OUTSKIRTS ZAMBULI VILLAGE - DAY

Arrows whiz through the air to land in targets set up amidst the trees. Zambuli are lined up, practicing their immemorial art in a ceremonial fashion, using long decorated bows. Sheena rides INTO FRAME on her colt, bow in hand, she hardly pauses as she lets her arrow go. Bulls-eye! CHEERING. The Shaman's pride is enormous.

30 EXT. AFRICA - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

Sheena in LONG SHOTS, The Shaman watching in approval as she rides the zebroid stallion MARIKA at ever <u>increasing speeds</u>, from slow lope to canter to gallop to full gallop.

31 EXT. OUTSKIRTS ZAMBULI VILLAGE - DAY

The rider on the stallion still in LONG SHOT, coming toward the Tribesmen in f.g. They begin drumming and dancing and shouting, a rhythmic excitement is building.

32 EXT. ELEPHANT HERDS (MASAI MARA) - DAY

Drums and screams of the Zambuli filling the air, tiny zebra-mounted figure galloping through the wild elephants.

33 SHEENA - FULL SHOT - SLOW MOTION

A grown woman now, and <u>what a woman</u>! Superb stunning figure, galloping over the plains of the Mara, lithe body glistening, the parts flexing gorgeously in perfect rhythm with the muscles of her zebroid mount, her hair streaming golden in the wind. Her face is beautiful and joyous, you can't doubt for an instant that The Shaman's prophecy was correct: truly, this is SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE.

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CONTINUED:

CREDITS END.

GO TO BLACK

34 EXT. AZAN STREETS - SHOTS - DAY

FOLLOWING a top-down Mercedes through town, the spiffy auto contrasting mightily with the folk and sights of the city. Little pennant on fender, the flag of Tigora. The driver is PRINCE OTWANI, a good-looking African in his early twenties, wearing a Washington Redskins exercise suit.

He's obviously well-known in the capital. Cute little AFRICAN BOYS pop out and run alongside, cheering him and doing imaginary American football place-kicks, one with a soccer ball sends that sailing over the Merc with a nifty sidewinder kick. Otwani cheerfully returns all the greetings, he basks in the attention.

Car finally pulls up in front of a building on a side street. Otwani hops out and goes in, past a brass plaque: "KINGDOM OF TIGORA -- Ministry of Resources."

35 INT. MINISTRY BUILDING - DAY

Pretty African RECEPTIONIST smiles at him as he approaches.

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning, Your Highness.

OTWANI
Hi, baby. Tell Mr. Grizzard I'm on my way up.

She reaches for phone, he's breezed past her with a wink.

INT. GRIZZARD'S OFFICE - DAY

36 GRIZZARD bolts a side-door on the inside. He's American, a slightly built fellow wearing thick glasses. He smokes constantly, and coughs from time to time. Grizzard crosses and opens a safe, takes out a manila envelope with a United Nations logo, removes from that a photographic print.

Light knock on door to hall. Tap, tap-tap, tap. Sounds like a secret pattern. Grizzard opens up. Otwani comes in, Grizzard bolts that one too. The tone here will make it instantly clear they're conspirators, Otwani in charge.

OTWANI
You've got it?

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36 CONTINUED:

Grizzard nods, hands him the print. GLIMPSE of it: not a picture, bands of color, a spectrum.

GRIZZARD
Confirmation of the sample. From the geo-satellite.
(indicating)
Titanium. Gudjara mountain is practically made of it. Billions for you and me in there, Prince. Billions.

OTWANI
(returning print)
Burn it.

GRIZZARD
(striking match)
It's on for tonight?

OTWANI
Yes.

GRIZZARD
Historically speaking, killing a king has often brought bad luck ... especially when he's your brother.

OTWANI
It's the only way. He has this thing about the Zambulis. Nobody steps on their turf. Long as he's king, no mining on Zambuli lands.

Fit of coughing seizes Grizzard as he watches the print burn. Otwani pulls a tissue-wrapped pill from his pocket.

OTWANI
Take it after lunch, Grizzy. It'll really fix that cough.

GRIZZARD
Thanks.

OTWANI
I've added a cute touch, by the way. Those TV guys who're coming? My pal Vic Casey ... story on me for "Sportworld"? They'll be witnesses tonight. They'll catch my act on film.

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GRIZZARD
Sounds very risky.

OTWANI
Not a bit. My grief will break your heart. Trust me. I'm the guy who kicked a 68-yard field goal against the Denver Broncos.
(deadpan cocky grin)
Who can stop me?

37 EXT. AFRICA - WATERFALL AND POOL - DAY

FULL ON SHEENA, innocently naked, shielded just enough by a prismatic spray as she bathes under the fall. Flash of her body, she's dived off a rock into the pool, she's swimming toward where her scanty costume hangs on a bush.

38 EXT. HIGH JUNGLE GROUND NEARBY - DAY

A sort of summit, terrain dropping off sharply ahead. The stallion Marika grazes. The Shaman is bent down, packing her few things in a bindle. Sheena appears, hair still wet, stops in surprise.

SHEENA
We're not camping here?

THE SHAMAN
You make camp. This is the end of our Zambuli lands, from here I walk alone.

SHEENA
Shaman ... I don't like this at all.

THE SHAMAN
Nor I. The city is a place of evil ... I have never visited one in my life. But you know I must go there to warn the King.

SHEENA
Are you <u>sure</u> he's in danger?

THE SHAMAN
One is sure of nothing. But I had the vision again last night, while we rode. I saw him lying in his own blood. I saw our lands burnt by a strange flame ... the heart torn from our sacred mountain of Gudjara.

SHEENA
I can't believe it. Who would kill such a good King?

THE SHAMAN
An "enemy" ... one who takes without asking. There are words I have not taught you, Sheena.
(then)
I will return to this spot before the second sunrise. Embrace me now.

Sheena jumps from Marika into The Shaman's arms, embraces her. The women rub cheeks together, one side, the other.

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SHEENA
My heart goes with you, Shaman.
And my fear!

THE SHAMAN
Keep the fear inside you. I
carry enough of my own.

Sheena doesn't want to let go. The Shaman detaches herself gently. CAMERA PULLS UP HIGH as The Shaman starts walking away and down, alone.

CU SHEENA

Watching her, beautiful, profoundly troubled.

39 EXT. AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT - OVER JUNGLE - DAY

Twin-engine Apache or the like, marked "AIR TIGORA." It's flying fairly low over trackless Africa.

40 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A pair of Americans aboard, aluminum camera cases stenciled "SPORTWORLD" piled on the unoccupied seats. VIC CASEY, early thirties, ruggedly handsome fellow, sits jotting notes on a script. Across the way FLETCH AGRONSKY is turned to a window, fiddling with a telephoto lens he's just mounted on a pro 16mm movie camera. He's plumpish, somewhat hyper, New York all the way.

Sharp little BEEPING SOUND. Alarm from Fletch's elaborate wrist watch. He puts down his camera stuff instantly, telescopes open a camper's foldable drinking cup, pours water into it from a plastic jug stashed at his feet. He gulps it down with satisfaction, then frowns.

FLETCH
I lost count. Have I drunk six
or seven today?

VIC
You're going down the drain,
Fletch.

FLETCH
You bet. Twenty pounds of me,
or else.

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VIC
(pondering script)
Opener. Long shot, he boots one over the palace roof. How's it grab you?

FLETCH
Pretty good. Maybe his brother holds it for him.

VIC
The King? Holding a place-kick?

FLETCH
Why not? That's the whole point ... the kid's brother is a King. If he'd do it --

PUSH IN TIGHT ON FLETCH as he breaks off, doing a terrific startled take out the window.

FLETCH
Holy mackeral! Quick ... look! ... in that little clearing!

40 A INCLUDE VIC

Swiveling to his own window, looking down. A beat. Fletch's face changes, it says that whatever it was, it's gone. He jumps up, leans urgently over AFRICAN PILOT's shoulder.

FLETCH
Where are we? What are we over now?

PILOT
Tigora, sir. End of Zambuli land.

FLETCH
Not -- uh -- whitefolk, are they?

PILOT
(laughs)
Oh no, sir. Very black ... very remote! ... King Jabalani keeps everyone out of Zambuli lands!

Fletch makes a face, puts his nose to the glass again. He's not seeing it again, obviously. Vic's watching, curious.

VIC
I'll bite. What did I miss?

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40 CONTINUED: (2)

FLETCH
You're gonna say I'm crazy, Vic. Would you believe a blonde?

VIC
A blonde what?

FLETCH
A blonde blonde. A girl. I saw her swinging in a tree.

VIC
A blonde gorilla, you mean.

FLETCH
I don't. I really can tell a girl from a gorilla.

Long beat.

VIC
I'm kind of worried. Eight thousand miles from home and my cameraman's lost his noodles on a Scarsdale Diet.

FLETCH
I saw her.

VIC
Sure. I believe you, Fletch.
(shoving him script)
Page four. Any problem with the set-up?

41 EXT. AZAN - SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

Grizzard is finishing lunch by himself, enjoying a heavily thumbed months-old "Playboy" magazine. He coughs again. Almost absently, riveted by the centerfold he's open to, he unwraps that pill Otwani gave him. Pops it in his mouth, swallows it. He turns a page. Suddenly he can't breathe for some reason. It's horrible to behold. He lurches to his feet, contorted, makes a strangled SOUND and collapses.

42 EXT. AZAN AIRPORT - DAY

The plane has just taxied to a stop. Door opens. Vic clambers out, stops short in surprise as brassy music blares. "Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight."

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42 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quite a reception party. OTWANI at the bottom of the stairs, grinning in front of a GUARD OF HONOR and a detachment of the TIGORA ROYAL BAND.

At the side stands KING JABALANI, Otwani's brother, genial fellow in a Savile Row blazer and white flannels, a SERVANT holding a parasol over the monarch's head. ZANDA is at his elbow, a stunning super-sexy African woman in her early 20's who wears what look like St. Laurent versions of African costumes. She has a parasol held over her by a SERVANT too.

OTWANI
Hey. My man!

VIC
Hey. My pal. The Prince of Princeton!

Vic laughs, runs forward as Fletch is getting out behind. Vic and Otwani slap five high, left hands, right hands.

JABALINI
Astonishing. Is that the normal greeting in your country?

VIC
Five high. Try it. I'm Vic Casey.

JABALANI
Welcome to Tigora, Mr. Casey.
(as Vic gives him a slap)
... I am King Jabalani.

VIC
(stricken)
Jesus. Excuse me.

JABALANI
But I found it tingling and delightful.

QUICK CU - FLETCH

Half out of the plane, surprised by something he's seeing off to the side.

HIS POV - LONG FAST ZOOM - AT A HANGAR

Doors sliding shut on what appears to be a black-painted helicopter gunship.

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42 CONTINUED: (2)

BACK TO SCENE

King Jabalani taking Zanda's arm, bringing her forward for an introduction.

JABALANI
Our intended bride ... Countess Zanda.

Vic starts to bow. Solemnly, Zanda lifts her hand like the others did. Vic slaps it. Zanda flashes a terrific smile.

ZANDA
Cool.

43 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AZAN - DAY

The Shaman, dusty and weary, washes her face in a barely trickling public fountain. As in all her actions, there's an enormous inherent dignity. From behind her:

MAN'S VOICE
You lost, old lady?

ANGLE SHIFTS as she turns and draws herself up. It's an AZAN POLICEMAN, eyeing her suspiciously.

THE SHAMAN
I am not. Do I look lost?

POLICEMAN
You look like a Zambuli.

THE SHAMAN
That is true. I am their Shaman, I have journeyed many days to Azan. Where do I find the King?

POLICEMAN
You want the King, huh?

THE SHAMAN
I have told you that already. Take me to him.

The Cop looks around. The police car he got out of is parked right there, ANOTHER POLICEMAN is watching and listening from inside. He jumps out, opening back door.

2nd POLICEMAN
You just come with us, old lady.

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CONTINUED:

First Cop puts a hand on The Shaman's elbow. She shakes it off disdainfully. He invites her again, touch of menace:

POLICEMAN
You come ... yes?

She's confused for a moment. Then, proud and tall, The Shaman walks to the open-door police car.

44 EXT. PALACE TERRACE - DAY

SERVANTS laying a splendid table, others arranging torches for an evening festivity. Otwani's Mercedes has just stopped below, he's coming up onto the terrace. Otwani glances off pointedly at trees beyond balustrade, then at a place card at head of table. "His Royal Majesty, King Jabalani."

JABALANI (O.S.)
You would prefer the head of the table for yourself, dear brother?

ANGLE SHIFTS as Otwani turns. Jabalani in a shadowy doorway.

OTWANI
Not at all.

JABALANI
I heard a strange rumor. The cellar of the Grand Hotel has armed guests.

OTWANI
Extremely strange. You think someone's planning a revolution?

JABALANI
I think it would be very wise of you to look into this.

They eye each other a beat, Otwani goes on into the palace.

45 INT. PALACE - ZANDA'S SUITE - DAY

Blinds drawn against the heat. Zanda sits in a negligee, doing her hair in a marvelous coiffure as a foxy young SERVANT GIRL lays out her clothes. SOUND of door opening. Zanda turns. It's Otwani, quietly closing door at his back.

ZANDA
This is dangerous. Can't you wait until tomorrow?

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45 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
(ignoring that, to the girl)
Run to the Grand Hotel. Tell Colonel Jorgensen to keep his head down the next few hours.

The Servant Girl scampers out obediently by a side door door as Zanda jumps up.

ZANDA
He's discovered something!

OTWANI
Nothing serious. Relax. Did you hear? The Zambuli shaman has come to town.

ZANDA
Of course I heard. I've had her arrested.

OTWANI
Are you crazy? Why? What if Jabalani finds out?

ZANDA
He never will.

Zanda turns to the wall and takes down a bow mounted there: a magnificent ancient Zambuli bow, like the ones we saw Sheena and the tribe practicing with during TITLE SEQUENCE.

ZANDA
A Zambuli bow. A dead king. A Zambuli Shaman to hang for it. What could be neater?

Otwani understands, looks at her with pure admiration.

OTWANI
You're pretty good.

ZANDA
You're so wrong. I am the most wicked woman in Tigora.

Zanda smiles. Otwani pulls her against him, their mouths and bodies are like one, sheer sensuality.

46 INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Dark place. The Shaman is behind bars. She looks confused. Slowly, she puts her fingers to her forehead in the summoning gesture.

47 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Sheena's resting under a tree, nibbling some fruit. She cocks her head suddenly. She's getting vibes of some kind, there might be a STRANGE SOUND ON THE TRACK, like a twanging string which gets louder and louder and then STOPS suddenly. Sheena jumps up, her face filled with anguish. She calls off toward Marika, grazing in b.g.:

SHEENA
Marika! Come!

The zebroid lifts its head, trots this way. MOVE IN TIGHT ON SHEENA. She's standing with fingers pressed to her forehead, in her own summoning gesture.

48 EXT. AZAN GRAND HOTEL - EARLY EVENING

Nothing grand but the name on the sign. "Sportworld" camera cases we saw on the plane are stacked on the verandah, being ferried down to Land Rover parked in front by JUKA, a smart African kid of seventeen or so. Vic sticks his head out a second story window and calls down:

VIC
We're on our way, kid! Did you check the batteries?

JUKA
A-OK, Mister Vic! Amps and volts in the green!

49 INT. GRAND HOTEL - CORRIDOR - EARLY EVENING

Vic and Fletch head for elevator, nattily dressed.

FLETCH
Dinner at the palace. And I'm meant to eat cheese today. Whattaya bet it's breadfruit and lasagna?

VIC
Be good for you. Excellent preventative against seeing imaginary blondes.

50 INT. ELEVATOR

Vic pokes the lobby button, door slides shut with a good deal of vibration, light dimming for a beat. Elevator starts down.

FLETCH
Vic, she was not imaginary. I know a girl when I see one.

VIC
So what was she doing in the jungle? Her junior year abroad?

Fletch is about to reply, reacts to floor lights.

FLETCH
Hey. We're past the lobby.

Indeed they are. Vic punches buttons. The elevator shudders to a stop. Door opens behind them. They SEE something.

51 INT. HOTEL CELLAR - POV SHOT FROM ELEVATOR

MEN IN BLACK UNIFORM and black berets lounging around, some on mattresses, others drinking and playing cards. Their surprise is as great as Vic and Fletch's. One jumps up and pulls a gun. Just barely time to take this in, then elevator door has slid shut, cutting off the SHOT.

VIC AND FLETCH - IN RISING ELEVATOR

52 Vic's face funny, as well it might be. Slowly:

VIC
Tell me again. You saw a helicopter gunship?

FLETCH
I lied to you. I didn't.
(at Vic's look)
Papa Hemingway, no. Forget it. Our story's about a guy who kicks sixty-yard field goals and his brother's a King.

53 EXT. A TREE TOP - NIGHT

SOUND of music not far off, animated chatter and laughter we can't quite make out. MOONLIGHT through the branches reveals something else strange. There's a device up here, it's like a catapult with a long arrow fixed in it, aimed off and down. PAN OFF FAST along the arrow to show:

54 EXT. PALACE TERRACE - HIGH LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Splendid scene, bright moon over the royal table we saw being set, torchlight playing on King Jabalani and Azan's creme-de-la-creme and the Royal Band and many servants. Otwani at the foot of the table, Zanda on the King's right at the head. Even at this distance we see Zanda's gown is cut down to the navel, it's a sensation.

FANFARES from the band, Servants march out to pass a pair of decorated roasted pigs on huge silver trays. Bright Sun-Gun type light hits the scene from the side.

ANOTHER ANGLE - VIC AND FLETCH

In action, on their feet at the side with Juka, the kid holding that light as Fletch's camera rolls under Vic's sharp supervisory eye. In undertones:

VIC
Follow the pigs, Fletch ... watch the boobs on the left of your frame.

FLETCH
Boobs? What kinda way's that to talk?

VIC
As in tits ... Zanda ... king's sweetie ... we're for network, remember?

FLETCH
(reacting to viewfinder)
I see whatcha mean ... oh boy, do I see it!

EXT. TERRACE - CLOSER

PING-PING-PING. King Jabalani, rising, tapping on his glass with a fork to quiet the table. ANGLE OFF QUICK to Fletch, shooting, suddenly lowering camera.

FLETCH
Jammed.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

VIC
Clear it. I need this shot.

FEATURE JABALANI

JABALANI
(raising glass)
A toast, dear friends ...

FLETCH

Poking buttons on his camera, swinging it off to the side and up as Juka's Sun-Gun follows.

JABALANI

JABALANI
... a toast to our beloved brother, Prince Otwani! May his exploits with his royal foot lead him to that curious American glory which I confess puzzles me completely ... "Superbowl Champions"!

Laughing and cheering as the monarch lifts his glass.

55 FLASH CUT - TREETOP

Lighted momentarily by Juka's beam, arrow flying out.

56 CU JABALANI

His eyes pop huge. PULL BACK. The shaft is right through his breast. He falls forward, red wine from his fallen glass running like blood across the white damask.

HIGH SHOT - THE TERRACE

Frozen tableau for an instant, sheer shocked disbelief. Otwani is first to his feet. He's a terrific actor here, he lets out an animal scream of rage. Then everybody's up, yelling and wailing, running to the motionless body.

VIC AND FLETCH

Camera going again, Fletch excited almost out of his mind.

FLETCH
Gimme another magazine!

He pulls one magazine off, slaps on the new one Vic hands him, he's rolling again instantly as Vic grabs the light from huge-eyed Juka and pushes him the shot magazine.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (2)

VIC
Taxi to the film lab! Start this through the soup!

ANGLE - JABALANI'S BODY

Forward on the table, everybody looking at the bright feathers on the fatal shaft.

ZANDA
Zambuli arrow.

OTWANI
What? A Zambuli in Azan?

Sudden excited shouting from the darkness. Otwani whirls.

FAR EDGE OF TERRACE

Big MEN drag a figure into the light. Not surprisingly, it's The Shaman.

BIG MAN
It's a Zambuli woman! We caught her with the bow!

Everybody whirls. Indeed, one of the Big Men is holding that bow Otwani took down from Zanda's wall. Otwani walks across, stares at the pinioned Shaman, his face twisted with the counterfeit rage and grief. She looks back with inutterable silent contempt. Otwani slowly draws back his right arm, like to knock her head off with a backhand blow. Zanda puts a hand on his wrist.

ZANDA
No, Otwani. You are the King now!

He looks at her, seeming to understand. He controls himself.

OTWANI
You are quite right, Countess Zanda. We will leave her to the hangman.

57 INT. AZAN FILM LAB - NIGHT

Stifling hot, dimly lit, Juka's tending the drier clattering away. Fletch drinking his umpteenth glass of water, Vic desperate on the wall phone:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

VIC
Nairobi ... Capetown ... I don't give a damn! ... just get me somewhere I can rent a Learjet!
(phone squawking)
Baby, you're talking to a man in pain! I'm sitting on an Emmy and can't get it out ... you know what that means??

FLETCH
Sounds like he wants a laxative.

Bit more SQUAWKING, then a BURRING DIAL TONE. Vic barely resists knocking the phone off the wall. Juka pulls a short strip of film from drier, examines it as Vic starts trying to dial operator back.

JUKA
Here's the piece when the camera jammed. You want it?

FLETCH
Nah. Eighty-six that. I was aimed off the action.

VIC
Look at it first ... might be a good frame or two ...

Fletch takes it, holds it idly up to a light. Reacts in dismay.

FLETCH
Oh Moses. I had a hair in the gate!

Vic whirls in panic. Fletch sticks the strip into a viewer, focuses in an ENLARGED FRAME.

FEATURE THE VIEWER

Treetop. Something coming out of it. We know it's the fatal arrow, but it could be a hair. Vic has left the phone, he's peering at it too, along with Juka.

VIC
Maybe just a scratch on that frame. Try another.

The image on the viewer advances a few frames and HOLDS. Almost like the last one, except that the curious flat "hair" has moved. And now the point of it is distinctly reflecting Juka's Sun-Gun beam.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

FLETCH
Damn peculiar hair.

VIC
For sure. It moves and reflects light.

JUKA
(quiet)
Arrow, maybe.

VIC AND FLETCH
????

JUKA
Look in the top of the tree. Reflection of steel. Maybe a spring to shoot an arrow ...

They look where Juka's finger is on the viewer. It's dawning on them what the lad is saying. Vic whistles.

VIC
Jesus, kid ... if you're right, you've got your union card!

58 EXT. ROAD NEAR AZAN - NIGHT

Headlights of Land Rover bouncing along.

59 INT. MOVING LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Vic driving, beside him the unhappiest cameraman you ever saw.

FLETCH
Top of the news, the man says. Dan Rather time.
(yells)
It's a bullet in our heads, you damn fool ... from your pal Otwani! Let's get outa here!!

Vic's about to yell back, then adopts a calm reasonable tone.

VIC
You're right, Fletch. We'll get out. First plane ... just as soon as we interview the old lady in jail.

59 CONTINUED:

FLETCH
Not only suicidal, he's crazy! You think they'll let us see her?

VIC
I do. I have a pass.

FLETCH
What? You're kidding! Show me!

Vic pulls something from his hip pocket. A roll of hundred dollar bills.

60 EXT. AZAN JAIL - NIGHT

Not any Alcatraz, just a ramshackle structure at the edge of the bush. Wire perimeter fence around it a distance of some yards, floodlit except where the bulbs are burned out. Gate in fence, a guard post. PAN OFF to approaching headlights. They go out suddenly.

61 EXT. NEAR JAIL - NIGHT

Land Rover coasts to a stop, headlights extinguished. Vic gets out, cases the jail for a moment. Fletch is just sitting there, camera and stuff on his lap. Vic looks back.

VIC
What are you waiting for?

FLETCH
I'm disabled. Paralysis.

VIC
Beethoven was deaf, it didn't stop him. Come on.

Fletch groans and gets out, carrying his camera. They walk toward the lighted guard post and gate. A sudden SOUND shatters the night. THE MIGHTY TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT.

LOW ANGLES - SLOW MOTION SHOTS

Only sensational. Here comes this elephant out of the jungle like a fucken tank, knocking trees down, charging toward the jailhouse.

Galloping hooves. Sheena on Marika emerging from the floodlit dust, golden hair streaming as she comes up alongside Chango the Elephant.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

VIC AND FLETCH

Rooted, gawking.

FLETCH
Back when I played Doctor, we called that a "girl" ... a blonde.

VIC
Fletch, I apologize. Roll it!

They start running toward the incredible vision.

62 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The Shaman lying on the floor. Trickle of blood from corner of mouth, she's been roughly treated. Chango's trumpeting is HEARD again. With an effort, The Shaman presses fingers to her forehead.

63 EXT. CHANGO

Gets the summoning, veers off slightly as he homes on it.

64 EXT. GUARD POST

Frozen GUARDS are coming to life.

SERGEANT
Electrify the wire!

His mate slams shut a big old knife switch.

65 EXT. CHANGO

Hitting the wire. Spectacular SHOWER OF SPARKS illuminates the night. Chango trumpets in rage, but his hide is thick, he goes through the pyrotechnics without missing a step, ripping a gap for Sheena aboard Marika.

66 INT/EXT. JAIL - SHOTS - THE ACTION

Guards running, grabbing riot guns in understandable confusion. One comes up on the jail roof, dashing to a SEARCHLIGHT mounted there. He hits it on, swivels the deadly beam around to illuminate the targets. Flash glimpse of Sheena, caught in it. Swoosh. Tiki the Chimpanzee swings out of an overhanging tree, a rock in his mitt. He HURLS it.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

Bull's-eye hit on searchlight lens, the whole thing EXPLODES and goes black as Tiki is gone again, howling with excitement.

ANGLE - VIC AND FLETCH

Fletch down on one knee, his camera rolling.

FLETCH
Shit. There went my light!

BOOOOM!! of a shotgun, another trumpet of rage from Chango. Vic reacts, sprints toward where that came from.

QUICK CUTS

Chango lifting his head violently. Guard with riot gun shrieking, thrown through the air off Chango's tusks like a rag doll, the weapon flying away.

Riot gun landing, Vic scooping it up on the dead run without breaking his stride.

Sheena wheeling Marika around, shouting:

SHEENA
Go, Chango! Go!

The mighty beast has already turned, he butts his head into the cinderblock jail wall.

Another Guard lifting his shotgun.

VIC
On the zebra ... watch out!!!

Sheena hearing that, whirling. Reacts, dives off Marika a split-second before BOOOOM! the shotgun charge goes right through the air where she was mounted.

Sheena on the ground, Guard aiming his gun for a can't-miss shot at her. CRONNNK! Vic swinging that gun he picked up, slamming the Guard in back of the head.

FLASH INTERCUTS - VIC AND SHEENA

THEIR EYES MEETING, just an instant, her confused astonishment, then she's up and dashing off again toward Chango.

67 INT. JAIL - CELL AREA - SHOTS

Crunching falling cinderblocks. Chango comes through. Sheena follows. Two Guards appear. Chango trumpets in their face, in this confined area it's like the trumpet of doom, the Guards flee in pell-mell retreat.

M'Bongo, the big chimp, has appeared from nowhere. Crouching, he holds out a broomstick. The fleeing Guards are tripped by it, they go crashing. Little Tiki comes bounding along the corridor and snatches big key-ring off one of those Guards' belts.

Tiki throws the ring, Sheena catches it. Clack. Key goes into lock of The Shaman's cell. The bars slide open. Sheena rushes in, stops short in horror at The Shaman's appearance.

SHEENA
Shaman!

Behind Sheena, Chango lifts his trunk from a pail of water he's dipped it in. Swoooosh! Spray of water hits The Shaman, it brings her to. Sheena dashes forward and helps her up.

68 EXT. JAIL - ANGLES

Chango charges out again, through another section of wall. Glimpse of Sheena following, with The Shaman. Sheena whistles. Marika galloping up. Chango pauses, for good measure backs up and WHAMS the jail again with his mighty behind. The whole damn place collapses.

VIC AND FLETCH

Running, jumping into the Land Rover they left nearby. Engine roaring, dirt flying as Vic takes off in a wheel-spinning turn. He hits the headlights on.

69 IN HEADLIGHT BEAM - LONG SHOT

Sheena with The Shaman and her little army, galloping THROUGH THE LIGHT toward trees beyond. FLASH from shotgun muzzle, resounding BOOM! Sheena pulls Marika up, rearing, she's already galloping off in a different direction and swallowed by darkness.

70 EXT. LAND ROVER

Following, swinging the direction Sheena went.

71 EXT. AZAN AIRPORT - NIGHT

Area in front of open hangar illuminated by floodlights. Black HELICOPTER GUNSHIP squats there. A few MECHANICS around it, working on gun mount in chopper's doorway. Odd SOUNDS, approaching hoofbeats like thunder. They turn. Their faces.

PAN AROUND. An elephant coming this way, a girl and an old woman on a zebroid, a chimp.

SHOOTING PAST THE CHOPPER

The crazy zoo party like on tracks. Mechanics take to their heels. We hear Sheena shouting:

SHEENA
Keep going, Chango! Into the jungle!

The chopper's rotor is sticking out. Chango goes through it like it was a twig. PAN AFTER Sheena and company, continuing across the field toward the safety of the jungle fringe beyond.

ANOTHER SHOT

Headlights coming this way. The Land Rover. In pursuit.

72 INT. LAND ROVER - CROSSING AIRPORT - NIGHT

FLETCH
Hey. Vic. That's jungle ahead.

VIC
Sure looks like it, Fletch.

FLETCH
I'm from New York, Vic. I get serious insecurity at the Bronx Zoo.

Thwump. Whack. Fletch ducks as branches hit the windshield, Vic has driven off the field into the jungle. SOUND of grinding downshifting, the vehicle keeps going.

73 EXT. PALACE - NIGHT

Word has evidently been received. Otwani rockets out, Zanda at his heels. They're both in fancy robes over nightclothes. They jump into the Mercedes, the engine roars.

74 EXT. AZAN AIRPORT - HIGH SHOT - NIGHT

Otwani drives up at about ninety miles an hour, into the floodlit area where the Mechanics have reassembled, now joined by various soldiers and police. Shrieking brakes, skidding stop.

CLOSER - FEATURE OTWANI

Jumping out, yelling:

OTWANI
Get it in the air! What are you waiting for?!

Nobody answers. Otwani's faces changes. ANGLE to the chopper as he walks over to it. The whole rotor assembly has been torn off. Otwani turns, his face twisted with rage.

OTWANI
Who's responsible for this?

There is a reluctance to reply, but finally:

1st MECHANIC
She called him Chango.

OTWANI
Chango?

2nd MECHANIC
The elephant, Your Majesty.

OTWANI
Who called him Chango?

3rd MECHANIC
The girl with golden hair who rode the zebra.

Long beat. Otwani turns to an Officer.

OTWANI
Charge them with smoking hashish! Throw them in jail!

OFFICER
The jail is gone, Your Majesty.
(takes a breath, blurts)
Destroyed by the elephant and the girl who rode the zebra!

75 EXT. JAIL AREA - DAWN

CU COLONEL JORGENSEN, a Swede so pale he's near albino.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

JORGENSEN
Check your weapons!

QUICK CUTS. Faces of the BLACK BERETS Vic and Fletch glimpsed so briefly. Awful ruthless faces, smeared with lampblack under the eyes. They're commonwealth types: Rhodesian, Anzac, South African. GUNFIRE as each in turn lets go a burst into the air from his automatic weapon.

WIDE ANGLE

Jailhouse ruins in b.g. Black Berets arrayed in front of idling vehicles. Three or four trucks, an armored gun carrier. Gasoline drums in one of the trucks. Jorgensen wheels, walks over to Otwani, who waits with Zanda beside a jeep at head of the column. She looks great in high-style safari gear.

JORGENSEN
Ready, Your Majesty!

OTWANI
(deadly quiet)
Mission find and kill. It's your neck if that Shaman lives to talk. Ditto for Mr. Casey, if he's made contact and got her story. And cut out the "majesty" crap.

JORGENSEN
Consider them dead, sir. And the girl?

OTWANI
I'll want a look at her alive. She sounds interesting.

ZANDA
Not to me. You will kill her on sight, Colonel Jorgensen!

OTWANI
Cool it. No women's lib around here, I give the orders. Them finished, it's on to Gudjara. Full speed.

JORGENSEN
Do we expect resistance from the Zambuli?

OTWANI
Not with their Shaman gone. They'll fold like chickens without a head. If they have other ideas, your men will correct those. Get me?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

Jorgensen smiles with horrid pale anticipation.

JORGENSEN
Yah.

OTWANI
Move out.

76 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

SOUND of vehicle crashing along in low gear, then the Land Rover breaks through into this relatively open space. Couple of tracks branch off in a Y, little more than animal paths. Vic brakes to a stop at the junction, jumps out and squats down to examine the ground. Touches one of the paths.

VIC
Hoofprints ... running, I think. How many toes has a zebra got, if any?

FLETCH
He's the Last of the Mohicans now ...
(yells)
I'm an overweight kidnapped man from New York! What do I know from zebra-toes??
(then quietly)
Vic --

VIC
I admit it. We have about as much chance of finding her here as a MacDonald's.
(smiles)
But, Fletch, you saw her. And while there's hope ...

He walks forward, bent, scrutinizing a path. Graaaou! Sudden mighty roar. Vic straightens up like he's been hit by an Apache arrow. HIS FACE. He dashes back and jumps into the Land Rover, only very slightly ahead of a BIG OLD LION that comes charging after him to stop right in front of the vehicle.

FLETCH
(gibbering)
N-n-nice lion ... n-n-nice lion!

VIC
Make that plural.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

HIGH ANGLE - THE CLEARING

THREE MORE LIONS are stalking out, growling, right toward the Land Rover on all sides. Suddenly a lithe figure flashes through the air from BEHIND THE CAMERA.

It's Sheena, swinging down and out on a vine, landing lightfooted on the hood of the vehicle.

THE GUYS'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Sheena above them. TRAVEL UP HER: the long legs, revealing skinwear, stunning face framed by the golden hair. It's an image to stop your heart.

SHEENA
Do you want to die?

VIC
Never less. I mean it.

SHEENA
Then go back. Tell the rest of your evil killing tribe not to follow us.
(points at Fletch)
You! You will remain here to be sure he obeys me. Get out!

FLETCH
(eyeing lions)
I don't think so.

SHEENA
Get out!

She makes a slight gesture. The lion at Fletch's ROARS and opens his mouth about eight feet wide. Fletch tumbles out of the Land Rover in a dead faint. Vic doesn't give him a glance, he's too overcome with wonder at all this.

VIC
They understand you?

SHEENA
Of course.

VIC
Who are you?

SHEENA
I am Sheena.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

VIC
I'm Vic Casey. Look at me. I zonked him when he was gonna shoot you. Remember?

SHEENA
"Zonked"?

Vic pantomimes swinging the shotgun, slamming that Guard.

VIC
Remember?

SHEENA

Flicker in her eyes, she cocks her head. SOUND FROM OFF: an urgent chattering whimpering. She looks up.

ANGLE - IN THE TREES

Tiki up there, calling to her, saying it's important.

BACK TO SCENE - FEATURE SHEENA

Pain at Tiki's message. Fear. She jumps from the hood, grabs a twig and runs around the Land Rover with that, scratching a circle in the ground. Touching her forehead with one hand, she makes a quick gesture toward the lions with the other. Then to Vic:

SHEENA
You will be safe inside the circle. Do not cross it.

She dashes for edge of the clearing.

VIC
Hey! Where you going??

No reply, she's vanished.

SHOTS - THE LIONS

They've moved back, they're crouched just outside the magic circle.

VIC

Looks at this with that wonder he'll feel so often in the adventures ahead. A sort of groan is HEARD. He looks down. Fletch lying there, his eyes vaguely open, staring straight up. Top of his head inches inside Sheena's circle.

FLETCH
Where am I?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (3)

VIC
Central Park. Why?

FLETCH
(big smile)
Oh thank God. I had this awful dream, I --

Stops short, catching something from corner of his eye.

LOW ANGLE POV SHOT - LION'S MAW

Scarifying, so close above him it's fisheye distrorted.

CLOSE - FLETCH

FLETCH
(matter-of-fact)
Worse all the time, this darn park. Somebody oughta do something about it.

77 EXT. JUNGLE HOLLOW - DAY

Mystical light, sun through a ground mist. OPEN on Chango, digging a hole with his tusks. MOVE OVER solemn-faced Tiki, Marika down on bent forelegs. We find The Shaman lying on a bed of gathered moss, Sheena beside kneeling over her, holding a hand. Sheena's eyes are wet. She whispers:

SHEENA
Your hand is so cold.

THE SHAMAN
The flame departs.

SHEENA
Shaman ... don't leave me!

THE SHAMAN
I must, daughter. My time is done, as yours is now beginning. It was foretold ... Sheena will protect the Zambuli in a time of great trouble ... she will guard the sacred mountain from the men who would tear out its riches.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
How?
(despairing)
What can one woman do against a man so strong and evil as Otwani?

THE SHAMAN
My spirit will be with you. Remember what I have taught you and you will know what to do.

SHEENA
I don't! I'm afraid!

THE SHAMAN
You are not alone. I see a friend at your side.

SHEENA
Who? How will I know him?

THE SHAMAN
How does one ever know? You will look into his eyes. You will see a ...
(shudder wracking her)
You must go now. Leave me in the home Chango has made. Hasten to warn the Zambuli ... to lead them and give them strength!

SHEENA
Oh Shaman ... mother! ...

Tears spill over, drop glistening on The Shaman's face.

THE SHAMAN
How soft, my daughter, how pleasing to me ... your tears upon me, to extinguish the last embers ...
(smiles)
My Sheena ... my Queen ...

The Shaman is gone. With a sob, Sheena puts her head down on the lifeless breast.

ANGLE - CHANGO

Lifting his head, letting out a tremendous funeral trumpet.

78 EXT. DRY RIVER BED - DAY

That distant trumpeting, echoing, dying. PAN AROUND. Suddenly IN FRAME is the motorized Black Beret column, halted here to refuel the gun carrier from the drums in a truck. Otwani and Zanda in the jeep, listening. Jorgensen comes over.

JORGENSEN
She attacked the prison with an elephant, yah?

OTWANI
Correct.

JORGENSEN
(turning)
Dismount! Fan left and right. Advance on foot!

79 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

CU VIC. Very still and stiff, like posing for a Victorian photo. ANGLE WIDENS. He's standing by the Land Rover, Sheena peering intensely into his eyes as Fletch and the lions watch. A long beat of this, then Sheena relaxes.

SHEENA
All right.

VIC
You believe I'm a friend?

SHEENA
It's possible. Explain again why you followed us.

VIC
We're story tellers. With pictures too. And boy, have we got a story here! Take me to the old lady you busted out of jail.

SHEENA
The Shaman? You want to see her?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

VIC
I know she didn't kill the King. Let me carry her own words home with me, and I can prove it to the whole world.

SHEENA
You must think I'm a fool, Vickazey. Words are like the wind. They can't be "carried home."

VIC
They really can. I can put 'em in a little box.

He picks a musette bag off the floor of the Land Rover, takes out a little Sony tape-recorder. Holds it up, pokes play. MUSIC jumps out: The Talking Heads, or whoever. Sheena reacts in amazement, the nearest lion ROARS in displeasure. Fletch grabs the recorder, flicks it hastily off.

FLETCH
Bugs me too. Just take him to your whoozy, huh? Your Shaman?

Sheena thinks a moment, we can see her calculating.

SHEENA
She has gone far ahead. You would have to make a long journey with me.

VIC
(sincerely)
I'd love to.
(re Fletch)
He sneaks back to Azan to ship out some pictures we left there. I go with you.

FLETCH
Sounds great to me.
(jumping behind wheel of Land Rover)
Any objection, anyone?

CU LION

GROWLING suddenly, in a different way than at the rock music, tensing. ANGLE OFF QUICK to Sheena. She's gone tense too.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

SHEENA
Where?
(as another growl answers)
Danger!

80 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Black Berets stalking along, automatic weapons at ready.

81 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

The three lions have left their posts at Sheena's circle, they're on the stalk too, toward the tree line. SOUND of Land Rover's starter, the engine catching. With ROARS, the lions plunge into the jungle. We hear YELLING, then all hell breaks loose.

CUTS - AROUND THE CLEARING

Hail of automatic weapon fire pours into it. THIS IS FOR REAL. Saplings are scythed, branches cut off, clods of dirt fly. It's a Vietnam-type nightmare in full daylight.

Fletch SCREAMS from the Land Rover:

FLETCH
Vic ... get in here!!!

But Vic is sprinting after Sheena toward the far side of the clearing, he probably doesn't even hear. BOOOOM. A grenade comes out of nowhere and EXPLODES. Fragments hit the Land Rover, the windshield shatters. Incredulous, shocked, Fletch feels blood running down his cheek, then he slams into gear and tromps on the gas. Land Rover slews around, takes off into the jungle at the side. We see Fletch's camera bouncing out as the vehicle goes by.

82 SHOTS - FLETCH AND LAND ROVER

He's driving like a maniac, sideswiping trees, skidding. He crashes through underbrush, down a declivity into a dry river bed, extension of the one we saw before.

83 EXT. JUNGLE - A BLACK BERET

HEARS the howling engine, turns and runs a short distance. He stops.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

PAST HIM - INTO DRY RIVER BED

Land Rover racing along. Coming this way. He goes to one knee, weapon ready, waiting to let go a killer burst. Two more seconds... Whomp. Tiki drops out of a tree above, right onto his gun barrel. Tiki SHRIEKS in his face, by the time he's flung the tenacious little chimp off, the Land Rover has gone by, out of sight. Tiki swings away, pursued by enraged but futile bursts of fire.

84 EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

Otwani, Zanda, Jorgensen, Black Berets. No doubt who was just here, they're looking at Fletch's camera with "Sportworld" logo taped on side. Otwani throws it high up like a clay pigeon, bullets blow it to smithereens in midair.

ANDERS walks up, the Black Beret who nearly potted Fletch.

ANDERS
Bad luck. Got away down the river bed.

OTWANI
The Land Rover?

ANDERS
Yes. Just the driver aboard.

JORGENSEN
The others must be very close.

Jorgensen jacks an arm, Black Berets take off after him into the bush where Sheena and Vic vanished.

85 EXT. JUNGLE AREA - DAY

Sheena and Vic running. He's having a hard time. She scrambles nimbly up a short steep bank, ahead of him. Vic stumbles over a log, falls flat on his face. He slides down a few feet and just lies there, gasping, totally winded. Sheena comes back to him.

SHEENA
We are still in danger. Why do you choose to rest?

VIC
Do you know how funny you are?

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
I understand the words you speak, Vickazey ... but not the meaning.

VIC
Vic. Casey. Two words. Two names.

SHEENA
How strange. One name is enough for me.

VIC
Who are you? From where?

SHEENA
If you don't get up very soon, Vickazey, I'll have to carry you.

VIC
Carry me? You know I weigh 187 pounds?

SHEENA
I learned it from the ants. An ant carries four times his own weight quite easily.

She bends down like to pick him up. Vic grabs a hand to push it back, feeling a sudden tingle from the contact.

VIC
No way. Where I come from, girls don't carry guys.

SHEENA
Then I must leave you.

VIC
You'd do that? Here?

SHEENA
Of course. My mission is to reach Gudjara and defend the people. I can't let a weak man stop me.

It's like a slap in the face. Vic totters up. From not too far off:

BLACK BERET VOICE
A track here ... someone wearing a shoe!

85 FEATURE SHEENA

SHEENA
(very low)
Climb!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

She dashes to the nearest big tree, scales the bottom trunk as nimbly as a monkey, gets up into the branches. Climbs, climbs, looks down. Freezes.

HER POV - DOWN

Vic scrabbling desperately at the trunk, getting a few feet up and then falling off.

SHOTS - SHEENA AND VIC

Frantic action INTERCUT WITH BLACK BERETS creeping this direction through the jungle.

Sheena rips loose one of the many vines that festoon this tree, throws an end down. Vic grabs it, tries to climb, but it's too tough, his feet go slewing off the slippery trunk.

Vic bounces up off the ground again, this time twists the vine around a wrist. Sheena's watching, she bites her part of the vine through so she has an end too. She whips that around a branch, then around her waist, leans back and pulls with all her strength. It's working. Step by step, Sheena tugging up the slack each time, Vic RAPPELS HIS WAY up the trunk. He gets to the first useful branch, seizes it, swings his feet up with a gasping effort. It's easy now, like climbing a ladder, any kid could do it. He's almost up to Sheena when he freezes.

SHOOTING DOWN PAST THEM - THROUGH BRANCHES

Jorgensen and his men are stalking below. They reach that embankment where Vic fell. Hawk-faced WADMAN examines the earth.

WADMAN
Someone slipped here.

JORGENSEN
Yah? Did he go on?

WADMAN
I'm not sure.

IN THE TREE

A horrifying thing is happening. Vic's ashen face is quivering, he's trying to suppress a sneeze. Desperately, he presses a forefinger under his nose. The lip quivers too. Sheena's watching from above, keenly aware of the crisis. The look on Vic's face is dreadful. The sneeze is coming. Hooking her legs on a branch, Sheena hurls herself upside down like an acrobat and slaps an extended hand over Vic's mouth. Brave effort, but not quite good enough. Kerchoooo!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (3)

FLASH CUTS - BLACK BERETS

Reacting, whirling, lifting their guns.

CU TIKI - IN ANOTHER TREE

Poking his head out suddenly, mimicking that sneeze sound perfectly. Kerchooo! Kerchooo! Kerchooooo!

QUICK INTERCUTS - WADMAN AND TIKI

As the Black Beret disgustedly swings his weapon and lets go a fusillade at the sneezing chimp. But Tiki's far too swift, of course, he has already swung from the branch that's chopped off above him, he's disappearing.

CU M'BONGO - IN ANOTHER TREE

He's holding a large gourd, about as big as a watermelon. He lets go of it.

FEATURE JORGENSEN

The gourd hits him right on the head. It would knock an ox cross-eyed, but aside from blinking, the tough colonel shows no reaction at all.

JORGENSEN
(to Wadman)
I asked you ... did he go on?

WADMAN
I told you ... I'm not sure.

JORGENSEN
All right. We hike back to the vehicles. March!

He starts marching into a tree-trunk. Quick move by BLAU, squat fireplug type, deferentially he steers the dazed commander onto a better course.

CLOSE ON VIC - IN THE TREE

Looking down, watching the killers move off. He slowly lets his breath out. Turns his head. ANGLE WIDENS to include Sheena, still hanging upside down right above him, not daring a move that might make the slightest sound. Vic puts his lips right against her ear.

VIC
You're terrific.

86 INT. AZAN FILM LAB - NIGHT

POLICE searching it, ripping the place apart.

87 EXT. AZAN STREET - NIGHT

Several police cars double-parked in front. A ricketty bus is coming toward us.

88 INT/EXT. BUS - NIGHT

Packed with AZANIANS. Fletch jammed in amongst them, standing near the front. He's peering out, with him we SEE those cop cars. The cheery BUS DRIVER turns his head.

BUS DRIVER
Next corner for you, mistuh.

FLETCH
I changed my mind.
(ponders briefly, pulls a card and shows it)
How would I find this?

89 INT. AZAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Extremely modest, to say the least. Young Juka burns midnight oil, doing his correspondence course in electronics. Beat-up cassette player gives with latest Beatles hit. Knock-knock on back door. Juka reacts, rises and opens up. He's startled to see Fletch stepping inside.

JUKA
You shouldn't be in Azan, Fletch. They're looking for you!

FLETCH
I know. They were at the lab half an hour ago, you're probably next.

Beep-beep-beep. Fletch's alarm watch. Automatically, he goes to the sink, grabs a glass from the drying rack, fills it with it water and gulps it down. Murmurs, just like on the plane:

FLETCH
Six or seven?
(then)
I'm insane.

Sudden SOUND rips the night. Hooting of a police-car klaxon, approaching. Juka dashes to the icebox, grabs out a can of film. Fletch's turn to be startled.

FLETCH
Holy Moses. You've <u>got</u> it??

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

JUKA
Quick ... I know a hideout! Let's scram! Where's Vic?

FLETCH
Don't ask.

Juka's already out the back door, Fletch on his heels.

90 EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Sheena curled up in a bed of leaves, sleeping like a child. Bright moonlight on her face, she's gorgeous. No sleep for Vic Casey. He's just sitting there cross-legged, looking at her. He gets a cigarette out of that musette bag, which he's had slung over his shoulder ever since he took it from the Land Rover. He lights it, sends a smoke ring drifting over Sheena's face. Very, very gently, he moves back a strand of golden hair that's strayed over her forehead. Vic shakes his head, laughs softly in total delectation of this creature.

90A EXT. ANOTHER PART OF JUNGLE - DAWN

Column camped, Black Berets sprawled. Otwani walks INTO SHOT and calls.

OTWANI
Get 'em out of the sack, Colonel! We move in ten minutes!

ZANDA (O.S.)
Make that twenty.

PAN to include Zanda. The imperious beauty is drying her hair with a blow-dryer plugged into the jeep's cigarette lighter socket, all kinds of Elizabeth Arden cosmetics set out on the hood before her.

91 EXT. JUNGLE - POOL AREA - DAY

Light slanting at an early morning angle. Sheena's costume is on a rock, she's bathing naked in a pool. She's standing in water up to her hips, turned away from us, unfortunately, laving her upper front with a scrubber made of leaves.

9/ ON VIC

Nearby, fully dressed, brushing his teeth with a splayed twig which he dips occasionally into a gourd holding a decoction of crushed berries. Vic's mind isn't exactly on his teeth. He reacts, catching his breath. Though we don't see it, obviously Sheena has turned toward him as she calls out:

SHEENA (O.S.)
You're dirty as a wart-hog.
Why don't you come in and wash?

VIC
I don't dare.

SHEENA (O.S.)
Water frightens you?

VIC
Not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

INCLUDE SHEENA

Dropping down into water up to her neck, a tantalizing instant before we see it all.

SHEENA
(imperious)
Come in, Vickazey! I will teach you how to wash. Remove the strange skins you wear! From what animal do those come?

VIC
The wild polyester. It roams in Bloomingdale's.

Vic starts unbuttoning his shirt. Little shriek:

SHEENA
Aiiiiie!
(aghast)
Fur! You have fur!

VIC
(scared)
I have what??

He looks down at his chest like he's contracted a disease. Understands suddenly. The hair on his chest.

CLOSE ON SHEENA

CAMERA RISING TO HOLD HER FACE ONLY as she stands up again in the pool, facing him, gaping at him.

SHEENA
Zambuli men do not have fur on their bodies! How can this be? Are you an animal?

ON VIC

Seeing what we know he's seeing.

VIC
Duck down again ... please. Or else ...

SHEENA
Or else what?

VIC
You'll turn me into an animal, very soon.

92 EXT. JUNGLE AREA - DAY

OVERHEAD ANGLE WITH A LENS THAT DISTORTS EVERYTHING. Strange sinister images, which we can just make out as the vehicles of Otwani's column crashing by below.

LOW ANGLE CU - A GORGEOUS COCKATOO

Perched on a branch, gazing down. What we just saw was quite literally a bird's-eye view.

ATOP MOVING GUN CARRIER

ONKERS, a brute of a Black Beret with a scarred cheek, raises his arm and carefully aims his Magnum revolver up. BOOOOOOM! We needn't see the bird murdered, Onkers' face says it.

IN THE LEADING JEEP

Zanda's driving now, Jorgensen rides behind her and Otwani, who's fiddling with the radio. The colonel shouts back:

JORGENSEN
No firing! Save it for the Zambulis!

OTWANI
(into handset)
Red One. Red One to Hawk One. Do you copy?

93 EXT. AZAN AIRPORT - DAY

Mechanics working on the gunship rotors, spot welding and such. An AFRICAN PILOT sits nearby under a canvas sunshade. Pitcher of iced tea on top of the radio set he's monitoring. To his hand microphone:

PILOT
Hawk One copies, Red One.

OTWANI'S VOICE
(filtered)
How's it coming?

PILOT
Very good.

94 BACK TO COLUMN - ON OTWANI

OTWANI
What I want is very soon.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING FORWARD

Otwani switches off, hangs up his handset. The jungle is ending, they're entering an area of boulders and VOLCANIC ROCKS. Jorgensen's looking over the side at this new terrain crunching under the wheels.

JORGENSEN
Difficult on the feet. I think we catch them now...

He reacts to something, stands up and shouts back:

JORGENSEN
Column halt! Trooper Wadman, come forward!

ZANDA
What's the matter?

JORGENSEN
Nothing's the matter. Tracks.

Jorgensen hops out and squats to look at the ground. Wadman comes INTO SHOT. He squats too.

WADMAN
Zebra. Deep. Loaded.

OTWANI
Somebody riding it, you mean?

WADMAN
Definitely. Maybe two.

JORGENSEN
Move!

Vehicles roar ahead, Wadman jumping aboard one as it passes.

95 EXT. ANOTHER AREA - DAY

WIDE ANGLE. That rocky shale is ending here. The zebroid Marika canters INTO SHOT, Sheena astride it with Vic clinging on behind, his arms around her waist. She pulls Marika up rearing, looks back.

SHEENA
We are safe for a while. They will never believe you could run over such rocks.

VIC
Me?

95 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
Of course. They know I can run anywhere!

Sheena kicks Marika and gallops ahead into a stand of trees.

96 EXT. TREE AREA - VIC AND SHEENA - ON MARIKA

Her golden hair streaming in his face, all around it.

VIC
It smells fantastic. What did you wash it with?

SHEENA
Zam-zam berries. What else would a woman use?

VIC
I can't imagine. There's so much about you I can't imagine. Where did you come from, Sheena?

SHEENA
The Shaman might tell you.

VIC
Not likely. Dead people don't tell much.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sheena pulls up Marika, so sharply Vic is almost thrown off. She turns and stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
Her spirit visited you.

VIC
That's right. I'm sorry about it, I know what she meant to you.

SHEENA
What did her spirit say to you?

Viv hesitates a moment.

VIC
Love is a great thing. Like grab it while you can, you know?
(a beat, then)
That was a lie. Truth is, I sat up last night. You talked a bit in your sleep.

SHEENA
(slowly)
Then why do you still journey with me, Vickazey?

VIC
Why do I still journey with you?

SHEENA
You said it was the Shaman you must see ... to put her words in your box.

VIC
Well, I've seen quite a lot else since then.

SHEENA
Such as what?

VIC
Such as when you were taking your bath.

SHEENA
I don't understand.

VIC
Chemistry, it's called. Hormones.

SHEENA
I don't understand.

96 CONTINUED: (2)

Irresistible. Very lightly, Vic touches his lips to hers.

VIC
Did you understand that?

SHEENA
Not at all. Mouths were given us to eat with. Why did you touch yours to mine?

Vic does it again. A good one, this time. Sheena suddenly pulls her head back, regarding him with amazement, altogether confused by what's happening inside her. She frowns and lifts a wrist, feels her racing pulse. A long beat, then she looks back up at him and speaks with the utmost simplicity:

SHEENA
I understand.

97 EXT. VOLCANIC ROCK AREA - THE COLUMN - DAY

Steep sided here, vehicles grinding along very slowly. Wadman is dismounted, off on the flank, jogging along and studying the ground.

OTWANI
Still see them?

WADMAN
No ...
(then)
Yes! Here's one! Keep going!

98 INT. AFRICAN DWELLING - OUTSKIRTS OF AZAN - DAY

Extremely African. Ramshackle, half open to the air, dirt floor, a DOZEN CHILDREN and PARENTS and GRANDPARENTS. Fletcher sits at a table in this hideout, playing poker with the guys. He's in a showdown with an OLD AFRICAN named BOLU, wiry ancient smoking a cheroot. Bolu studies Fletch's inscrutable face, pushes out coins into the pot. Fletch faces his dogeared cards with a winning look.

FLETCH
Sorry, grandpa. Queens full.

BOLU
You lose.
(facing cards)
Mombasa straight. Beat full house.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

FLETCH
What? That bunch of nothing?

BOLU
(pointing cards out)
All red color. One jack, rest of cards all even number. Mombasa Straight.

Fletch is stunned as the geezer rakes in the pot. Juka enters quickly, shakes his head.

JUKA
Otwani has cut the long lines. No calls outside Tigora.

FLETCH
Airport?

JUKA
Closed. No airplanes. But they're working awful hard to fix that gun-chopper!

FLETCH
Jesus.
(stricken whisper)
Vic!

99 EXT. ROCKFACE - DAY

OPEN CLOSE ON VIC, equally stricken-looking. PULL BACK. He's starting down this rockface, which isn't terribly high but nearly vertical, supporting himself by vines.

AT TOP OF ROCKFACE - SHEENA

Talking to Marika:

SHEENA
Rest, Marika ... eat ... I will summon you again! Understand?
(a whinny)
Now go!

She slaps the zebroid's flank, Marika gallops OFF along the top of the escarpment. Sheena looks down, then grabs a vine and starts rapidly after Vic.

WITH SHEENA

This kind of descent is no sweat for her, she's down beside Vic very soon. While they continue the hairy descent:

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

VIC
These Zambulis of yours...
They got guns?

SHEENA
Never! Guns are bad! Arrows!

VIC
Against machine guns? Against armored cars?

SHEENA
(proudly)
A thousand thousand moons ago they were the greatest of all warriors. Before She-Who-Is-Unknown brought peace to every creature. It is told!

VIC
You make me want to cry.

SHEENA
For what?

VIC
Just everything, Sheena.

They land on a ledge. Bushes growing out of the rock, laden with fat berries. She bites one.

SHEENA
These are good ones. We'll eat here, we need strength ...

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED: (2)

A little pebble drops on Sheena's head, she looks up sharply.

ANGLE - TIKI

Clinging to rocks above, CHATTERING and pointing OFF.

BACK TO SCENE - LEDGE

SHEENA
Tiki saw something! Wait here!

She's starting to climb. Vic grabs little pair of Nikkon binocs from his bag.

VIC
Take these. Magic eyes.

He puts them quickly to his eyes in a demo, hands them to her. Sheena looks at Vic through them, gasps.

SHEENA
Bad magic! They have made you into a pygmy!

VIC
Try the other end.

Sheena turns them around, peers, gasps again.

SHEENA
Vickasey, you are a giant!

VIC
Sure wish I felt like one.

100 EXT. STAND OF TREES - ANGLE ON CHANGO - DAY

Elephant very still, ears flapping slowly, listening to no sound we can perceive. He starts running suddenly.

101 EXT. ROCKFACE - DAY

Sheena at a higher level she's climbed back to, looking OFF through binocs she holds with one hand. Fingers of her other hand pressed to her forehead in the summoning gesture, now we understand what Chango was reacting to.

102 EXT. ROCKY RAVINE - DAY

Narrow here, steep boulder-strewn banks. SOUND OF VEHICLES coming this way. Chango the Elephant is butting mightily against a tree. It's a monster, it starts toppling across the bed of the ravine, Chango runs off at full tilt.

103 EXT. OTWANI'S COLUMN - IN RAVINE - SHOTS - DAY

Clouds of dust from grinding wheels. Black Berets with camouflage-cloth kerchiefs tied over noses and mouths, the eyes above very sinister looking.

Lead jeep rounds a bend. The tree Chango felled. Otwani hits brakes, Jorgensen shouts orders back:

JORGENSEN
Column halt! Dismount, clear that damned tree away! Refuel!

104 EXT. ROCKFACE - ON THE LEDGE

Vic, on his feet, chin juice-smeared from the berries he's been gorging upon, watching Sheena descend swiftly from above. She arrives, binocs in hand.

SHEENA
Chango has stopped them! The soldier wagons drink water!

VIC
Gasoline. How far back?

SHEENA
An hour's running!

VIC
Hour's run for you or me?

SHEENA
You.

VIC
That's a lot too close.
(starting to swing down)
Move it, baby!

SHEENA
Wait.

He looks around. Sheena leans close to him, solemnly licks that berry-juice off his chin. Vic shivers.

VIC
My God. I'm dead. I've gone to heaven.

105 EXT. ROCKY RAVINE - HALTED COLUMN - DAY

Black Berets sweating, straining at the tree. It's massive, it won't budge.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

CAMERA TRAVELS to the jeep. Zanda's repairing her makeup and eating yoghourt from a portable fridge as Otwani and Jorgensen watch the tree clearing operation impatiently.

JORGENSEN
Get blocks of plastique! Blow the damned thing up!

106 EXT. AFRICAN LOCATIONS - MONTAGE - DAY

SHEENA AND VIC. Moving ever onward, jogging pace. They pass through a jungle dense with vines, then out onto the plains. Lyrical, magical images of Africa, HERDS OF ANIMALS with them. Other zebras, giraffes, wildebeeste, the works. Sometimes Tiki and or big M'Bongo is with them.

Vic has a second wind now, but it's still tough. He stops at one point, leans exhausted against a tree. Sheena looks back and stops too, puts her fingers to forehead in the summoning gesture, and in the NEXT SHOT they're crossing the boundless sun-baked Amboseli Salt Flats. Vic is riding Marika, Sheena trots effortlessly alongside. As they near the end of the salt flats, Vic jumps off Marika, the zebroid is sent off again to rest and graze.

FINAL SCENE OF MONTAGE takes us to:

107 EXT. EDGE OF THORN TREE AREA - DAY

ANGLE ON AN OLD LION, lying on his side, writhing around like he's in pain. He lifts his head suddenly, reacting to some presence we don't see. He lets out a ROAR.

SHEENA AND VIC

She's heard that, stops in her tracks. ROAR repeated, quite close by. Sheena darts off to side. CAMERA FOLLOWS HER. She comes upon the unhappy lion. She recognizes him at once.

SHEENA
Old Katula! Why do you cry?

Katula the Lion makes a MOANING SOUND, opening his mouth. Vic lurches up behind, winded. He halts in apprehension.

SHEENA
It's a tooth. I have no tongs to pull it with.

VIC
Sorry. I must've left my own dentist kit in my other suit.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

She grabs his musette bag, rummages through it quickly. Comes up with a super-elaborate Swiss Army Knife. Pries gadgets open, finds a sharp stubby blade. She thinks a moment, takes out the little Sony tape machine.

SHEENA
Can it make softer music?

Vic looks at her a beat, then silently finds a cassette and puts it into the little Sony. Pokes play. Something pleasant comes out, imagine an old Joni Mitchell or Carole King number. Sheena listens a moment.

SHEENA
I like this. It will soothe him.

She places the Sony on the ground near Katula's head, turns back to Vic. The following in the most casual manner:

SHEENA
Sit on him, would you?

VIC
Me sit on a lion?

SHEENA
It may hurt. Please sit on his shoulder.
(then)
Why do you look at me this way?

VIC
You've asked me to sit on a lion while you dig a molar out.

SHEENA
Yes. Exactly.
(Vic just staring at her)
Creatures must help other creatures, Vickazey.
(another long beat)
Katula's suffering. Will you please do it?

VIC
Certainly. Why not?

Disbelieving his own action, his eyes on Sheena every moment, the reporter walks across and sits on the lion's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSER - KATULA'S HEAD

Sheena whispers into the ear, strokes the head, opens the jaws. Wide. Wide enough to actually put her own head inside, Swiss Army knife in hand.

Sheena has braced herself, she makes a sudden sharp move and jerks her head out of Katula's jaws. The lion-head jerks too, but he doesn't roar, as you might have expected, he just makes a soft whimper. Sheena has a big molar in her fingers, she shows it to Katula as she strokes him.

SHEENA
Brave Katula! This won't hurt you any more.
(to Vic)
You can stand up now.

VIC
What makes you think so?

Vic tries to stand. His knees are water, he plops down onto Katula again.

108 INT. AFRICAN DWELLING - AZAN - DAY

Scene of the poker game, Juka's hideout. The kid has found a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon somewhere, he watches perplexed as Fletch pours a slug into each of two glasses.

JUKA
You drink from two glasses, Fletch?

FLETCH
Right, kid. Cause there's two of me to get smashed, see?

JUKA
Two of you.

FLETCH
One me says go up in Central Park and find Vic. Other says the hell with that fool, walk to a border and get the film out, win me an Emmy. See? Here's to us!

Fletch lifts the two glasses and drinks from both of them at once, dribbling considerable Wild Turkey in the process. Beep-beep-beep of his alarm watch. Fletch makes his automatic start for the water spigot. Stops suddenly. Rips off the watch and throws it in the dirt and stamps on it.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

JUKA
Fletch Number One... If you want to go up in the park, I know the greatest tracker in Tigora.

FLETCH
I don't. I'd jump off Brooklyn Bridge first. Where is he?

Juka points. Behind Fletch. Old Bolu, he of the infamous Mombasa Straight, rocking in a chair, puffing his cheroot.

109 EXT. THORN TREE AREA - LATE DAY

Vic and Sheena deeper in it now, trees growing close together, dreadful spikes, worse than any cactus you ever saw. Vic stops, his shirt snagged, gingerly detaches himself.

VIC
This is murder.

SHEENA
These thorn trees are our friends. They will let us stop for the night in safety.

VIC
What do you mean?

SHEENA
The soldier wagons must come through here. Their round rubber feet will be ripped to pieces.

VIC
(on a thorn)
Owww!

SHEENA
This forest ends soon, we will be at the Lake of Birds. The Zambuli lands begin there.

110 EXT. LAKE - WIDE PANORAMA - SUNSET

Sunset fire on the horizon. A gentler fire over this lake, the pink of a zillion FLAMINGOES. PAN ACROSS to find Vic and Sheena on the bank. She's pointing:

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
Across those hills is Z'Kuru, the first Zambuli village. My feet will be swifter when they're back on the sacred land!

VIC
You gotta be kidding. Swifter?

Ignoring that, Sheena breathes deeply, drinking in the scene.

SHEENA
Such beauty.

VIC
(eyeing her face, not the lake)
Beyond belief.

SHEENA
I have come here at sunset a hundred times. It has never moved me as it does tonight. Shall I tell you why?

VIC
Please.

SHEENA
I'm not a foolish young girl, Vickazey. The Shaman taught me that brave tales do not always have happy endings. I know what guns can do.
(pause)
I know that you and I may not live to see another sunset.

VIC
(choked up)
Oh Sheena ... Christ! ...

He smashes his mouth against hers. Sheena trembles all over.

SHEENA
You are an enemy.

VIC
I'm what?

SHEENA
The Shaman taught me. An "enemy" is one who takes without asking.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

VIC
(whisper)
I'm sorry. May I?

SHEENA
Yes.

111 EXT. THORN TREES - THE COLUMN - NIGHT

They're stopped in the middle of it. CRAZY GARISH ANGLES. Headlights, a searchlight on the gun carrier. Black Berets struggle to change a ruined truck tire.

Hatch atop gun carrier opens, Otwani stands up in it, holding a tubelike thing with a complicated metal nozzle.

OTWANI
Watch! I'll show you how we build an African freeway!

He presses something. Swoosh! It's a FLAME THROWER, the most appalling blast of fire shoots from the nozzle, at least a hundred feet ahead.

CUTS - THORN TREES

Hit, bursting into flame, writhing with it like men on fire, you can almost hear them SHRIEK.

BACK TO SCENE

OTWANI
(shooting fire)
Knock 'em down! Back around for another shot!

It's a nightmare scene from Dante. The gun carrier charges forward and knocks over some burning trees, then the DRIVER throws it violently into reverse. It slews around and backs into the jacked-up truck. Crash! Truck goes off the jack, a SCREAM from the Black Beret caught underneath.

Jorgensen walks up, addresses Otwani in the hatch above him.

JORGENSEN
We must stop until dawn, Your Majesty. The trucks need daylight to go through this.

OTWANI
You better hope that doesn't let the rabbits get away. You know what happens to you, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

JORGENSEN
Yah.

Smiling, Jorgensen makes a throat-cutting gesture.

OTWANI
Not quite that quick, Colonel.
(his own smile)
More like a bed of anthills in the sun ...

112 EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Moonlight. Sheena and Vic lying there in each other's arms. Unclothed, a look of the most profound contentment, there's no doubt at all they've made it.

SHEENA
Say it again.

VIC
I'm in love with you. I'll never be able to leave you.

SHEENA
Do you swear this by the moon?

VIC
By anything you want. I can't leave you. It's impossible.

SHEENA
All is possible. I will even teach you to summon creatures.

VIC
I do the teaching. I'll teach you to summon taxicabs.

SHEENA
"Taxicabs"?

VIC
Very tough. Especially in the rain.

SHEENA
I don't understand.

Silence, Vic's face clouding at the thought of their future.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

VIC
We're getting into deep water. Let's wade back to ground we both do understand, okay?

SHEENA
Okay.

Their mouths are together again, their bodies pressed close. It's about to happen another time.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 EXT. EDGE OF THORN TREE AREA - HIGH SHOT - DAWN

SOUND of engines. The gun-carrier comes crashing out in the lead, Jorgensen riding atop it.

JORGENSEN
Column ... halt! Refuel!

CLOSER - THE COLUMN - SHOTS

The Black Berets have really been through it. Clothes ripped by the thorns, dried blood on scratches, some bandages. The guy caught under the truck earlier lies on a stretcher in the back of one truck, broken leg crudely splinted. Men start rolling out fuel drums. Gasoline splashes on Blau's thorn-wounds, which doesn't feel good at all.

BLAU
Watch it, you bastard! That one's leaking!

He punches at the fellow, gets punched back.

ANGLE - JEEP

Otwani has opened an AIR SURVEY MAP on the hood, he's poring over it as Jorgensen walks up.

JORGENSEN
It was a tiring night. The men's morale is not good.

OTWANI
Little killing cheer 'em up?

JORGENSEN
Yah.

Otwani pokes a finger onto map. PUSH IN. This is a high altitude photo, but we make out a cluster of black dots in a clearing. Label next to it: "Z'KURU."

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

OTWANI (V.O.)
We're in Zambuli territory. Z'Kuru. First village. We hit it.

ANGLE WIDENS. Jorgensen doubtful, pointing out on the map:

JORGENSEN
Their direct line of flight to Gudjara is here ... Z'Kuru is off to the side ...

OTWANI
I don't care. We zap Z'Kuru. The message goes ahead by the jungle telegraph. Those Zambulis up in Gudjara will start running, they won't stop stop till they hit Cairo.

JORGENSEN
Yah. Good psychology. Good for the men.

OTWANI
You look like you're gonna enjoy it too, Jorgie.

JORGENSEN
(death's-head smile)
Yah.

114 EXT. HILLY AREA - DAY

Marika's returned. Sheena and Vic are mounted again, galloping up a slope.

TWO SHOT - VIC AND SHEENA - RIDING

Vic clinging behind her, eating a piece of fruit.

SHEENA
You will be made welcome in Z'Kuru. The headman's locust bean cakes will be your locust bean cakes. His fermented buffalo milk will be your fermented buffalo milk. His week-old dried --

VIC
Please ... I'm eating!

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
The food is no matter.
(fiery light in her eye)
I'll speak to the men of the time of arrows. We will take bows and attack the soldier wagons!

Hopeless look of love and despair on Vic's face, he makes no reply. BOOOOM! A dull explosion is HEARD in the distance. Reactions. Vic very apprehensive.

VIC
What was that?

SHEENA
An earthquake maybe! The land roars at Otwani! Faster, Marika!

115 EXT. RIDGE - DAY

Top of that slope they're galloping up. Sheena and Vic ride INTO FRAME. She pulls up sharply. PUSH IN. Sheena's face, mask of horror as more DULL EXPLOSIONS are heard, and the far-off chatter of a MACHINE GUN.

116 EXT. Z'KURU - LONG SHOT PAST THEM

Little village of Z'Kuru a mile away and below. It's much too far to make out people, but EXPLOSIONS are sending up smoke. Gunfire ECHOING. An orange flicker. Deadly tongue of that flame thrower. Vic lifts his binoculars.

116A SEEN THROUGH THEM - JORGENSEN

Firing his automatic rifle, spraying murder from the hip.

116B BACK TO SCENE - SHEENA AND VIC

She tries to grab the magic eyes, but Vic won't let her. He turns her, away from the dreadful sight, holds her.

117 EXT. DESTROYED VILLAGE OF Z'KURU - DAY

No corpses. Only total devastation, smouldering ruins, things scattered pitifully to suggest Black Beret looting. Maybe the shadows of circling vultures. Absolute silence.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ANGLE - EDGE OF VILLAGE

Vic appears on foot through high grass. He stops. He takes one long grim look, then whirls back to Sheena who is coming up behind.

VIC
You don't want to see it.

She continues on. He puts a hand on her, but she shakes it off and keeps coming. She passes him. She stops like he did, a long look. The prices have changed for Sheena. Her face is that of an avenging angel, determination carved in ice. Silence.

VIC
The murdering bastards. We gotta warn Gudjara somehow ...

SHEENA
Can a warning stop bullets? Will it protect the sacred land and its creatures?

VIC
No. But Otwani's column has got past us, Sheena. There's nothing else we can do.

CU SHEENA

Her eyes. Looking. Searching. Locking on something.

POV SHOT

Hut burned to the ground. Utterly.

SHEENA (V.O.)
How can a fire burn so hot? How can even earth pots be made into ashes?

BACK TO SHEENA AND VIC

VIC
Gas, probably. Gasoline.

SHEENA
You spoke of that before.
(looking at him)
The water the wagons drink?

He nods. She walks forward. She looks down.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED (2):

SHEENA
You are wrong, Vickazey. There is something I can do.

VIC
What?

SHEENA
Stop them.

Sheena bends down quickly. When she rises she's holding something she picked up. A bow. A long, decorated Zambuli bow. She turns and calls:

SHEENA
Marika!

118 EXT. MOUNTAIN - MONTAGE - DAY

SHEENA AND VIC ASCENDING. They're both on Marika at first, but soon it is far too steep for even that doughty zebroid to carry riders. They make it up step by step, finally, to a ridge, Marika slipping and sliding like the humans on the loose shale of the last lap.

119 EXT. FOOTHILL TERRAIN - THE COLUMN - SUNSET

Grinding along, mountains rising at their side. It's obvious that the route they're taking must be longer than the direct mountain crossing being made by our heroes.

120 EXT. MOUNTAIN - SHOTS - NIGHT

Sheena and Vic and Marika now moving DOWN, a process just as slippery and hair-raising as the previous climb up.

121 EXT. STAND OF TREES - FOOTHILLS AREA - EARLY DAY

Sheena and Vic dismounted, she with bow slung on shoulder. She breaks off a thin straight sapling in f.g. while Vic examines strange-looking trees. Reacts to one, calls:

VIC
Here's one with sap dripping out!

Sheena runs over, tears off a strip of the bark.

SHEENA
Make flame.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

Vic thumbs his cigarette lighter, touches it to the bark. The sap-filled stuff FLAMES like it's soaked in kerosene, so quickly that Sheena has to throw it down before she's burned, Vic stamps on it. Sheena's already stripping off more bark.

SHEENA
Quickly. Tear it apart! Make it into threads!

122 EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Recognizable as an area Vic and Sheena traversed earlier. Old Bolu, hikes into view, lightfooted under a huge pack on his back, toting an elephant rifle. Fletch follows. He's a walking hydrant of sweat, it's soaked him through and through. Bolu pauses, eyes Fletch anxiously.

BOLU
You pretty hot.

FLETCH
Don't worry about it. It's good for me.

Grinning, Fletch keels over under the baking sun.

123 BACK TO SHEENA AND VIC - DAY

Vic sitting cross-legged, shredding bark with his fingers and teeth as nearby Sheena works rapidly too. She's finishing an arrow whittled from that sapling with the Swiss Army knife. At the tail, fin-like leaves are stuck into grooves. She ties the knife itself to the front, its awl open and protruding. She sights along her handiwork.

SHEENA
It'll fly straight, I think.

VIC
You know what a long-shot this is?

SHEENA
Not true. We'll have to get very close.

VIC
That's just what I meant.

She looks at him, not comprehending. Chattering SOUND.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

IN THE TREES - TIKI

Swinging there, talking urgently, waving his arms. ANGLE DOWN to include Sheena looking up, rising in alarm.

VIC
They're coming?

SHEENA
Yes! But to the sunset side of where I expected!

VIC
By how much?

SHEENA
(watching Tiki's gestures)
Five hundred throws of a m'kala nut! We must run!

124 EXT. FOOTHILL REGION - DAY

INTERCUTTING the moving column with Vic and Sheena running. They proceed in OPPOSITE SCREEN DIRECTIONS, making it clear they're coming together on convergent courses.

Sheena and Vic dash through trees and high grass, down into a hollow, up a slope on the other side.

125 EXT. RIDGE AT TOP OF SLOPE - DAY

They drop down amidst boulders. SOUND of approaching vehicles. Vic looks off through his binocs as Sheena arms her arrow very quickly. She's balling up the mess of flammable bark that Vic shredded, tying it to the head of the shaft.

126 SEEN THROUGH BINOCS - THE COLUMN

Sweeping jerkily over it, then HOLDING a truck just behind the gun carrier. FOCUS SHARPENS. Black Berets jouncing in the back, sitting on those gasoline drums.

VIC (V.O.)
First truck behind the gun wagon ... you only get one shot.

127 BACK TO SHEENA AND VIC

VIC
Know what happens if you miss?

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
We join the Shaman.

Sheena seizes her bow. Notches arrow against string. SOUND of vehicles closer every moment.

SHEENA
Get your flame ready.

He pulls out his lighter. Sheena, on one knee, draws back the bowstring. She looks sensational, her muscles rippling as Vic holds the lighter poised under the arrowhead ball.

SHOOTING PAST SHEENA - ALONG THE ARROW

COLUMN crashing into view. Her aim is on Otwani in the lead jeep for a moment, we can feel how much she wants to let the bastard have it, then she swings her aim back. Gun carrier, then the gas truck. Very close. She tracks her target. Whisper:

SHEENA
Light it.

Flick. Flick. Flick. Jesus, the lighter's dead! Fourth time does it. Flame from the lighter, arrowhead is instantly a ball of fire. Sheena lets go the string.

THE ARROW

Flies through the air, burning against the sky.

128 EXT. COLUMN - QUICK CUTS

Perfect shot. Arrow swishes in from nowhere, literally between the legs of Black Beret Blau, to hit the fuel drum he's sitting on. The heavy awl point penetrates the metal, gasoline pours out around the flaming and is ignited. In a second, the bed of the truck is a pool of fire.

Pandemonium. Black Beret Blau SCREAMS and dives out, his pants burning, followed by the rest as Jorgensen YELLS:

JORGENSEN
It's going up!! Get clear!!

128A CLOSE TWO - SHEENA AND VIC

VIC
My God. You've done it!

128 B EXT. COLUMN - ANOTHER SHOT

A shocking apparition. Like a dreadful black insect, Otwani's repaired HELICOPTER GUNSHIP rises INTO FRAME from behind the low ridge, over the column. It darts forward and hovers directly above the burning gas truck, altitude no more than ten feet.

FROM THE HELICOPTER - LANDING SKIDS IN F.G.

Hurricane downdraft from the rotors. The fire in the truck bed is scattered and BLOWN OUT, snuffed like a candle.

CU OTWANI

Dismounted, head spinning as he GLIMPSES something, reacts.

HIS POV - ZOOMING IN ON THE RIDGE

Vic and Sheena frozen, stunned by defeat snatched from the jaws of victory.

OTWANI

Pulls his pistol and lets go a shot, diving back into the jeep to snatch up the radio handset.

SHEENA AND VIC

They've come to life, they're running away low.

129 INT. CHOPPER

From cabin speaker, FILTERED:

OTWANI'S VOICE
Hawk One! Behind you! Get them!

130 EXT. FOOTHILL AREA - AIR SHOT

SOUND of rotors. The shadow of a chopper, racing after TWO LITTLE RUNNING FIGURES.

SHEENA AND VIC - SHOTS

Running, Vic looking back up over his shoulder. He stops, pushes Sheena aside and throws himself the other direction. Machine gun fire rips the earth where they stood an instant ago. They're running again, they dive in amidst boulders.

131 EXT. CHOPPER AND GROUND - FLASH INTERCUTS

Machine gun blasting. Tracer fire, rocks pulverized all around Vic and Sheena's cover, demonic WHINE of ricochets.

132 EXT. BOULDERS - VIC AND SHEENA

She's terrified, trying not to show it. The blasting gunfire stops suddenly.

SHEENA
It's circling away!

VIC
For a better shot at us.

SHEENA
What do we do, Vickazey?

VIC
Stand up and wave this.

He pulls a grimy white handkerchief from his hip pocket.

SHEENA
Your cloth is magic?
(sudden hope)
It destroys the firebird??

VIC
It says we give up.

SHEENA
Are you mad?
(looking off)
We will be safe under the trees down there!

133 EXT. HALTED COLUMN - FEATURE OTWANI

With his radio handset. To it, angrily:

OTWANI
What's taking you so long?

PILOT'S VOICE
(filtered)
They got into rocks. They're moving under cover, we're tracking them ...
(a beat, tone changing)
I spot their transport.

134 POV SHOT - FROM CHOPPER - INTO OPEN AREA

The zebroid Marika. ZOOM OUT. Marika is in the midst of a wonderful HERD OF ANIMALS, deer and wildebeeste and all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

135 SHEENA AND VIC

Dashing into the cover of the trees. Sheena stops suddenly, reacting with extreme alarm.

PAST SHEENA IN F.G. - TOWARD THE HERD

CLATTERING SOUND. Dark SHADOW of the chopper sails over, headed for the innocent animals.

SHEENA
Marika! ... creatures! ... run!

She presses fingers of both hands to her forehead, making desperate fluttering SHOOING AWAY gestures.

136 EXT. HERD - CU CUTS - ANIMAL FACES

Reacting, sensing a message, but not certain what.

FEATURE MARIKA

The zebroid understands, rears up and whinnies violently and dashes around, stamping his hooves, trying to stampede his more ignorant mates. They don't respond, they can't imagine a menace in this Peaceable Kingdom of the Zambulis. The CLATTERING SOUND is growing louder and louder.

LOW ANGLE - UP AT THE CHOPPER

Coming DOWN TOWARD CAMERA like some black monster from outer space. It goes into a hover. Guns open up.

ANGLES - THE HERD

Panicked, going crazy, rearing and milling and shrieking.

137 CU SHEENA

Such pure horror you never saw on a girl's face.

138 INT. HOVERING CHOPPER - DAY

The GUNNER sees something. He lets up on his trigger, taps the PILOT, points. Pilot SEES it too, leans on controls.

139 SHOOTING FROM THE CHOPPER

Sheena standing in the open. Waving Vic's white handkerchief. Vic emerges in the open too.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

BACK TO SHEENA AND VIC

He's holding her, as she looks in rage and horror at the black nemesis approaching. The chopper touches down very near with a ROARING BLAST OF WIND AND SOUND. Two SOLDIERS have jumped out, they're running this way with guns.

140 EXT. NEARBY AREA - VIC AND SHEENA

Being trotted along by the Soldiers, prisoners.

VIC
I swear to God, I'd do it all over again.

SHEENA
That pleases me.

VIC
I'm sorry. There's so much I won't get to show you.

SHEENA
What would you show me?

VIC
Yellowstone Park. Twenty-One. Shea Stadium and--- Aw hell. Forget them.

SHEENA
It is easy. Because there's so much you did show me.

Inutterably moved, Vic stops and kisses her. Guns poke their backs, they're pushed rudely on their way.

SHEENA
Thank you, Vickazey.

VIC
You're thanking me?

SHEENA
The fire in my veins tells me I am still alive. I have not failed my people yet!

141 EXT. AMBOSELI SALT FLATS - WIDE FULL SHOT - DAY

Bolu trots along lightly on the balls of his feet. It's impressive, considering that he's carrying Fletch piggyback, not to mention that heavy pack in one hand and the elephant gun in the other. The old African's eyes are cast down, reading the tracks he's following.

CLOSER - FLETCH AND BOLU

FLETCH
Ever thought of writing a book?

BOLU
Book?

FLETCH
Conditioning. Jane Fonda type thing. I'll be your agent.

BOLU
No book. Book very hard. How about I do cassette tapes?

Bolu looks up and stops suddenly, seeing something in the distance. PAN TO HIS POV. Moving cloud of dust far off, coming generally this way.

BOLU
Truck. We buy it, make faster time.

FLETCH
I got twenty bucks on me. How much are you carrying?

BOLU
Never carry money. We buy truck. I signal now.

So saying, Bolu points the elephant gun straight up and FIRES both barrels. Deafening reports are about six inches from Fletch's head. He's knocked off Bolu's back into the dust, stunned. Bolu bends down and pulls out Fletch's wallet.

142 EXT. FOOTHILL AREA - DAY

The column has pitched camp. We MOVE over the scene to find Sheena standing in the sun, her hands and feet chained. Couple of Black Berets stand in b.g. Otwani circles Sheena, ogling her like at a slave auction. He obviously likes what he sees, a whole lot.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
It's pretty amazing. You've been on my turf all my life and I never met you.

SHEENA
How have the Zambuli ever hurt you? Why do you chain me?

OTWANI
I'm your King.
(meaningful smile)
I can do anything I want to you.

A parasol pokes him sharply. He whirls. It's Zanda, her expression distinctly menacing.

ZANDA
Don't even think of it.

OTWANI
(solemnly)
I'll try not to. What would you do with her?

ZANDA
She's protector of those savages, no?

OTWANI
That's her story.

ZANDA
I would fly her over Gudjara. I'd drop her into the great Zambuli Falls, with the whole tribe watching!

OTWANI
I like your imagination, Zanda.

ZANDA
You'll do it?

OTWANI
Sorry.
(turning away, calling)
Take her away. Bring us Mr. Casey.

143 EXT. SALT FLATS - DAY

That truck Bolu signaled has arrived. Antique model T. Driver is one McIVER, a somewhat broken-down Englishman, an old Africa hand. He's looking with a certain amusement at the twenty dollar bill Bolu is solemnly holding out.

McIVER
Me sell Gertie for twenty dollars? You're bonkers, old boy.

Bolu thinks a moment, grunts.

BOLU
Play some cards? Poker? Win nice elephant gun?

Bolu produces his greasy deck of cards. Slightly interested, McIver examines the elephant gun.

McIVER
Beauty, all right. Don't make guns like this any more.
(then)
Sure you know how to play poker, boy?

BOLU
Little bit, bwana. Long time go, play once with grandmother.

McIver eyes the gun again. He really covets it.

McIVER
Highway robbery.
(smiles)
Deal.

144 EXT. COLUMN CAMP AREA - DAY

Vic sits under the guns of Blau and another Black Beret, staring sadly at Otwani as Jorgensen hangs in b.g.

VIC
You had it made, you asshole. And then it got to you...

OTWANI
Got to me?

VIC
The cheering. The crowds. The goddamn agents. Guys like me. You had so much, you wanted it <u>all</u>.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
Save that for Sunday school, Vic ole pal. You should've stuck to your game-plan.

VIC
When they put the rope around your neck, you'll wish I had.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
Around my neck?
(laughs)
It's fourth down and ninety nine for you. You're behind, with five seconds left on the clock.

VIC
Ball bounces funny in the last two minutes. You should see some footage we got.

OTWANI
I'll watch "Sportworld" very closely.

VIC
It won't be on "Sportworld." It'll be shown to the Organization of African States.

OTWANI
Which shot? Me kicking it over the palace roof?

VIC
Opens on a roast pig. Then we segue into a tree. Close shot, night.
(looking Otwani in the eye)
Arrow zings from a catapult.

Otwani stiffens. MOVE IN on his face, undergoing a slow unpleasant change.

145 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF SAME AREA - DAY

Landed black gunship IN F.G. OF SHOT, being refueled from a truck. Jeep approaches.

WITH MOVING THE JEEP

Zanda driving. Trooper Onkers beside her, gun on Sheena in back. It seems barely necessary, since Sheena's still chained hand and foot.

SHEENA
Where are you taking me?

ZANDA
(smiles)
Home.

(CONTINUED)

145 CONTINUED:

Zanda brakes by the gunship, hops out, marches up to the Pilot, who's sitting in the doorway, drinking a beer.

ZANDA
We're leaving on a mission at once. Sealed orders from King Otwani!

Imperiously, pulls out an envelope and presents it to him.

146 EXT. MAIN CAMP AREA - DAY

Otwani and Vic, Jorgensen still watching. The king has recovered his cool very nicely.

OTWANI
Where's this piece of film?

VIC
Azan. Hidden where you'll never find it. Want to deal?

OTWANI
I admit I have a problem. What do you propose?

VIC
You sign a treaty, to be filed with the United Nations. Independence to the Zambulis. It buys you the negative.

OTWANI
You could be bluffing. I'd have to see it first.

VIC
That's fair.

Otwani turns to Jorgensen.

OTWANI
Have someone drive him to Azan. Bring him back with the film.

JORGENSEN
Yah.
(to Blau)
You.

Vic is pulled to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
No trick plays, ole pal.
Remember I'm holding your jungle
queen.

VIC
I'm aware. That cuts both ways.

OTWANI
Meaning?

VIC
Anything happens to Sheena while
I'm gone, you bastard, you hang.

Otwani eyes Vic's face a beat, then smiles at Jorgensen.

OTWANI
Lucky man. I think he scored.
(to Vic)
Any tips for me?

Vic flies at Otwani. Blau's gun butt stuns him. Wobbly, Vic is dragged away toward a pick-up truck idling nearby.

OTWANI
(to Jorgensen)
Tell them the film comes back.
Casey's ticket is one-way.

SOUND in distance. Otwani turns. PAN TO LONG SHOT. Chopper rising over the hills, mile or so away.

OTWANI
What the hell? Why's that
taking off?

147 INT. CHOPPER IN FLIGHT (ACTUAL ON LOCATION) - DAY

Sheena sits there in her chains, staring at Zanda across from her, a little ladies' .22 pistol in Zanda's hand.

SHEENA
I see my death in your eyes.

Sudden WHISTLING from chopper's radio, Pilot reaches to tune it. From overhead speaker:

OTWANI'S VOICE
(<u>filtered</u>, angry)
Red One to Hawk One -- !

Sharp BANG! Zanda's little automatic has gone off. Into the speaker, destroying it. Pilot looks up at it in shock, then around at Zanda.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

ZANDA
It was an accident. Did I damage anything?

Pilot takes a long look at her, decides better not make a point of it.

SHEENA
You plan to drop me into the Zambuli Falls.

ZANDA
It won't hurt a bit. It'll be over before you know it.

Silence. Sheena looks down at the terrain below. Then she closes her eyes and presses fingers to her forehead in a gesture we know well.

SHEENA
My head aches. Your firebird makes such noise.

148 EXT. FLAMINGO LAKE - DAY

Zillions of the gorgeous pink birds resting there.

149 FLASH INTERCUTS - SHEENA'S FACE AND CU BIRDS

Creatures getting something, they're stirring.

150 SHOTS - BIRDS ON THE LAKE

Skittering over the surface now, taking off.

WIDE ANGLE - THE LAKE

Flamingoes rising in flocks. PAN OFF this to:

151 EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

Recognizable as the very spot where Sheena and Vic tarried that memorable night. We discover Fletch with a super-Eight camera, shooting out over the lake at the terrific spectacle, as Bolu examines a beaten patch of high grass nearby.

FLETCH
Fantastic. What's sending 'em up?

BOLU
Maybe smell you.
(aggrieved take by Fletch)
They spend night here. Not much sleep ...
(rolling eyes, darting around and examining)
One time. Two time. Three time!
(as Fletch whistles)
We hurry now, Mistuh Fletch!

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Bolu trots off. McIver's old truck suddenly APPEARS IN FRAME, sitting there, Bolu's elephant gun stuck into a carrier on side. Bolu jumps in behind the wheel, advances the spark as Fletch bends over the starting crank out front and gives it a turn.

BOLU
Crankum harder!

FLETCH
Hell. I almost wish you hadn't made that Zambesi Flush!

Fletch cranking, working his ass off.

152 EXT. MAIN ZAMBULI VILLAGE - SHOTS - DAY

GREAT CROWD gathered, air of extreme subdued tension. Women and children shrink back and WAIL as exhausted men move through the crowd bearing litters. Six of them. Blanket-covered FIGURES on the litters, covered completely, all we SEE is one trailing scorched black limb. The litters are put down in front of Haromba and the village Elders, seated at the center of the throng.

HAROMBA
Death comes toward us all. The fate of Z'Kuru will be ours as well.

AN ELDER
Not if we flee.

HAROMBA
And leave the sacred land to murderers? Never!
(then)
The women and children will go. The men stay. We will die on our feet ... fighting Otwani.

AN ELDER
How? What can we do against their tongues of fire? Haromba's way means the end of our Zambuli tribe. I say we must flee!

Silence, but for WAILING from the b.g.

HAROMBA
The choice is not easy. There is much to be said for flight. And yet ...
(lifting his eyes)
Great Mother Spirit of our land, show us a sign to follow!

Suddenly a SOUND is heard from the sky. REACTION SHOTS.

153 EXT. CHOPPER IN FLIGHT - AIR SHOT FROM ABOVE - DAY

Showing it passing over the Zambuli Falls.

154 INT. CHOPPER IN FLIGHT - DAY

ZANDA
Circle the village! Make a racket! Bring them all out for the show!

155 EXT. GUDJARA REGION - AIR SHOTS - DAY

FROM THE APPROACHING CHOPPER. Zambulis coming out of the trees around the Sacred Mountain, from huts, from everywhere. The village CROWD around the Elders and those litters. Every face upturned in wonder.

156 INT. CHOPPER IN FLIGHT - DAY

Zanda's excitement growing every instant.

ZANDA
Back to the falls now! Rise high above them!

157 EXT. MORE SHOTS FROM CHOPPER - VILLAGE AREA

As the craft is turning, the whole mass of uplooking Zambulis starting to FOLLOW underneath.

158 EXT. SKY - FLAMINGOES IN FLIGHT - DAY

Pink magic. Flocks and flocks, winging TOWARD US.

159 INT. CHOPPER

SHEENA
Why? Was it how he looked at me? Stripping my skins with his eyes?

ZANDA
You're so right.

SHEENA
And you so foolish. I have my own man, I would take no other.

160 EXT. ZAMBULI FALLS - SHOTS - DAY

Zambulis running along banks, looking up. ANGLE UP from roaring brink. Chopper hovers a moment, then starts RISING.

161 EXT. SKY - FLAMINGOES (COMPOSITE) - DAY

Wings flapping, making time. Harsh SOUND of rotors. Now we SEE THE CHOPPER some distance below the birds, starting to ASCEND over the roaring waterfall.

162 INT. CHOPPER

Gun on shackled Sheena, Zanda leaps up and slides the cabin door wide open. Looks down.

163 POV SHOT - STRAIGHT DOWN

The falls. Awed Zambulis around the top, rocks and white water way way below.

ZANDA (V.O.)
Higher!

164 IN THE CHOPPER - ON PILOT

Taking the craft higher, reacting suddenly, looking UP through the plexiglas. Freezes on controls.

165 EXT. SKY - FLAMINGOES

Flock ABOVE CAMERA, wheeling.

166 INT. CHOPPER

ZANDA
I said <u>higher</u>!

PILOT
Look upstairs, Countess.

167 INTERCUTS - FLAMINGOES WITH REACTION SHOTS

Sheena. Zanda.

168 INT. CHOPPER

ZANDA
Go higher! Chop them up!

PILOT
No way. One hits a rotor and we're --
(looking up, yells)
My God! They're coming <u>down</u> <u>at us</u>!

169 SHOTS - FLAMINGOES

Indeed coming DOWN.

170 INT. CHOPPER (ACTUAL ON LOCATION)

Panicked Pilot hits controls. Furious, Zanda swings her pistol at Sheena with one hand, with the other grabs the chain between her wrists and yanks the prisoner up.

ZANDA

Out!

171 ANGLE - TWO FLAMINGOES

Flying right INTO CAMERA.

172 INT. CHOPPER (ACTUAL ON LOCATION) - FLASH CUTS

Flailing pink wings. The courageous birds have actually flown into the cabin through the open door! HUGE CRAZY CU'S. SHRIEKING birds, flashing beaks, Zanda SCREAMING too as she tries to protect her eyes and face. A sharp beak jabs into the back of the Pilot's neck. With a YELL, he jerks his controls.

173 EXT. CHOPPER - FROM THE GROUND

It tilts sharply. A figure comes out the door.

174 EXT. SKY AND FALLS - BIG WIDE SHOT

Zanda plummets down SCREAMING. She hits the top of the falls and is swept over.

175 EXT. BOTTOM OF FALLS - GLIMPSES

A body hitting the rocks, smashed, swallowed by the torrent.

176 EXT. TOP OF FALLS - ZAMBULIS

Faces. Awed. Thunderstruck. Not comprehending.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Helicopter comes down to a very hard landing. Hard enough so one skid is busted, the craft lurches violently sideways. We SEE the Pilot thrown violently into the glass NEAR CAMERA, it wouldn't be a surprise if that broke his neck.

CLOSER - ON CHOPPER

Two flamingoes emerge. Sheena hops out. She's in chains, it's an absolute Houdini sensation. She lifts her manacled wrists high above her, flanked by the flamingoes, and cries out to the Zambulis:

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
See! Even in chains, we can defeat them! Turn your minds back, my people! Remember yourselves a thousand thousand moons ago! Bring your bows!

SHOTS - THE ZAMBULIS

Dancing. Yelling. Ecstatic. Simply wild.

177 INT. MOVING PICKUP TRUCK - BUSH AREA - NIGHT

Vic sitting in the back across from Blau, who has his gun cradled watchfully across his knees, at a sufficient distance so Vic can't possibly spring without getting blasted. Vic looks drowsy. The jouncing vehicle and the hot night air is getting to him, he's on the verge of nodding off.

Vic's little Sony is on his lap. A cassette is PLAYING loud, the most aggravating HEAVY METAL PUNK ROCK you ever heard. Blau is clearly square, his face shows increasing displeasure.

Vic's head droops, he jerks himself back awake. Idly turns up the volume to its dreadful maximum.

VIC
Nice melody, don't you think?

Blau does what any sane person would do. He lunges across to grab the effing thing and throw it out.

It's an error. Vic has uncoiled like a spring, Blau meets a savage uppercut. A hook. Blau's unconscious as he goes over the tailgate, Vic has already grabbed his weapon. Vic doesn't seem drowsy in any way now. Crash! Gun muzzle knocks out the glass window to the driver's cab. Black Beret's head jerks around to look into a gun barrel. Point blank. Brakes slam on.

WITH VIC

Leaping out, yanking open the driver side door. He slams the guy cold with his gun, yanks him out onto the ground. Vic jumps in. He hits the truck back into gear. Doing a wheel spinning one-eighty, Vic is headed back from whence he came.

178 EXT. GRASSLANDS - ANGLES ON COLUMN - DAWN

It's MOVING again, driving ominously forward. CAMERA WITH JEEP. Otwami driving, doom-faced, Jorgensen beside him, Wadman behind. The Black Beret tracker has his head cocked, listening uncertainly. Leans forward.

WADMAN
Jungle telegraph going. Stop for a jiff.

179 EXT. GUDJARA FOREST - DAWN

THREE ZAMBULIS beat on drums. Sheena's watching and listening, freed from her chains.

180 EXT. OTHER LOCATIONS - QUICK CUTS - DAWN

OTHER ZAMBULI DRUMMERS, picking up the distinctive beat and transmitting it on.

181 BACK TO COLUMN - FEATURE WADMAN - DAWN

Vehicles stopped now, engines turned off, dead silence as Wadman listens to the DISTANT RHYTHMS. All very quiet:

WADMAN
They're saying she bought it.

OTWANI
Zanda?

WADMAN
The zebra girl. Dead. Zanda got her.

Otwani's face flickers.

OTWANI
Unfortunate. The countess will be sorry she did it.

JORGENSEN
So what is their situation?

Wadman listens a bit more. Makes a weird face.

WADMAN
Lost our sport, I'm afraid.

OTWANI
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

WADMAN
Zambulis pulling out. Running like chickens for the nearest border.

OTWANI
(elated)
Start up! Move out! On to Gudjara!

182 BACK TO GUDJARA FOREST - FEATURE DRUMMERS

Pausing, looking questioningly at Sheena. She has the manner of one totally in charge.

SHEENA
Keep sending it.

They pound away again. TRAVEL WITH SHEENA as she runs a little way into the trees. TWO HUNDRED ZAMBULI WARRIORS wait there, some with longbows, others with spears. She drops down in front of their grouped Headmen, quickly starts scratching a plan in the earth.

SHEENA
You will take up positions like this. Their wagons are dangerous. If you need courage, remember that the shade of our Shaman watches us ...

183 EXT. BUSH - A RHINO - DAY

The great grazing brute goes still suddenly, lifts his head.

184 EXT. FOREST - SHEENA

Standing still, <u>summoning</u>.

185 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BUSH - SHOTS - DAY

Another RHINO moving. Another. Purposeful.

186 EXT. VARIOUS PLACES - ANIMAL SHOTS - DAY

Chango is in the midst of a HERD OF WILD ELEPHANTS. He reacts to Sheena's urgent call, trumpets and gallops away.

Prides of LIONS lurking. Old Katula and one other big male react, roar and start running off.

(CONTINUED)

/86 CONTINUED:

TWO LEOPARDS are laying down tracks also.

Various CHIMPS swing through the trees.

Animals in OTHER HERDS watch these actions curiously, we have a feeling of the entire jungle roused.

As the following ANIMALS react to Sheena's urgent call and start making tracks: two leopards, Chango the Elephant, two chimps aside from our friends M'Bongo and Tiki, and two males lions, including grateful old Katula.

/87 INTERCUT ANIMALS WITH DRAMATIC ANGLES ON MOVING COLUMN. Wheels, dust, gun muzzles, dread Black Beret faces.

/88 EXT. GUDJARA AREA - DAY

Edge of great forest, not far from the sacred mountain. The column comes grinding along.

ANGLE UP OFF THEM AND ZOOM IN AHEAD. A tree. Tiki perched there, watching. He swings away.

IN ANOTHER HIGH TREE

Sheena crouched in the branches. She HEARS vehicles getting closer. Tiki swings in, chatters briefly.

SHEENA
Pass the word.

Tiki starts away, swings back to plant a kiss on Sheena, then is gone. She peers OFF.

HER POV - FROM TREE - THROUGH BRANCHES

Column getting closer. It will be right here very soon.

WITH THE COLUMN - LEAD JEEP

Jorgensen reacts suddenly.

JORGENSEN
Stragglers.

QUICK POV CUTS - TO FOREST ON SIDE

Tall Zambuli men, seen one moment and gone the next behind trees, like ebony wraiths.

BACK TO JEEP

WADMAN
Go in and get the buggers?

188 CONTINUED:

OTWANI
Later! First we secure Gudjara mountain!

Suddenly a VOICE rings out:

SHEENA (O.S.)
Otwani!

ON SHEENA - IN THE TREE

SHEENA
(shouting)
Do you desire me so greatly, you King of Evil??

She grabs a vine, leaps off the branch.

WIDE ANGLE

Sheena swinging right down over the jeep, then up again on her vine to VANISH into the forest at the side.

ON OTWANI

With a face that can hardly be described, SHOUTING:

OTWANI
After her! Kill stragglers! Shoot her down alive!

JORGENSEN
(yelling to rear)
Column, flank left! Into the forest!

189 EXT. FOREST - SHOTS - DAY

The column comes barreling in. GLIMPSES OF SHEENA in the trees. Glimpsed and then gone, elusive as a bead of mercury, swinging from one vine to another just a second before savage bursts of GUNFIRE cut the previous one.

190 EXT. FOREST - ROCKY RIDGE

Zambuli men crouched behind it with bows and spears. Tiki appears above and throws down a nut. Pre-arranged signal. In unison, each Zambuli archer notches his arrow.

191 EXT. IN THE FOREST - WITH COLUMN - ANGLES

Crashing along, shooting wildly into the trees. Another GLIMPSE OF SHEENA.

OTWANI
There she goes! Follow me!

He swings the jeep around, other vehicles following. They're in a depression suddenly, a sort of gully with high ground on both sides.

AT TOP OF GULLY

M'Bongo and other CHIMPS wait behind huge boulders which have been arranged there, delicately poised. Sheena swings across overhead and signals. The chimps push the boulders over.

THROUGH LEAD JEEP WINDSHIELD

Boulders crashing down ahead. Jorgensen jumps up and shouts to rear, realizing that something is very wrong.

JORGENSEN
(calling behind)
Column ... back up! Out of this damn forest!

SHEENA - IN A TREE

SHEENA
All creatures! In defense of our sacred ground ... attack!

192 EXT. FOREST - THE ACTION - SHOTS

Fucken blitzkrieg.

Yelling from confounded Black Berets as Zambuli archers and spearmen pop up behind Haromba and rain their fire down. Some get it right there, others duck down and send a fusillade of bullets up at the ridge.

JORGENSEN
(screaming)
Regroup! Around the gun carrier ... regroup!!

As they dash for it, a RHINO comes charging down the slope through gunfire and butts the gun carrier hard. Another RHINO slams into it on the other side, slewing the vehicle around so it's pointed uphill, at the very same moment that a Black Beret inside it gets the flame thrower cooking.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

Sheena sees the tongue of fire swooshing above the rhinos, she's already swinging on a vine from her arboreal command post and shouting:

SHEENA
Rhinos ... get back! Chango!!

Chango's running. Sheena drops onto the elephant, flattens herself behind the great head, tugs on the ears to direct him. Like a juggernaut, Chango and Sheena charge down into the gully through whistling bullets. WHAMM! Chango jabs his tusks under the front of the gun carrier before its flame thrower can be brought to bear. With a mighty trumpeting, he jerks his head up. The gun carrier goes ass over teakettle and EXPLODES.

Glimpse Sheena and Chango, racing for safety, as Black Beret remnants flee for their lives into the forest.

Tiki and his friends hang in the trees, watching. They spot the fugitives and chatter monkey-talk directions to TWO LIONS and TWO LEOPARDS crouched in wait. Roaring and snarling, the chasers take off fast. We don't see it, but the BLACK BERET SHRIEKING from the forest chills the blood.

FEATURE JORGENSEN

Running. hearing that the screaming, veering off. Haromba sees him, gives chase with spear in hand. Zigzag pursuit, the Black Beret butcher firing desperate shots from his revolver.

SHEENA

Standing up on lumbering Chango, swinging off him onto another vine. Sudden SOUND of an engine roaring to life. Sheena's head turns, she reacts.

HER POV - ZOOMING IN

AT A TRUCK that was stopped behind the others. GLIMPSE of Otwani behind the wheel, throwing it into a wild skidding takeoff.

BACK TO SHEENA

Continuing her swing, WHISTLING as loud as she can.

FEATURE MARIKA

Breaking into a run. Sheena swings through the air and drops aboard the zebroid. Her long bow and a quiver of arrows are slung on Marika's flank. A dig of Sheena's heels, she's already galloping after Otwani's speeding truck.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

HAROMBA AND JORGENSEN

Jorgensen's cornered in rocks, whirls with his revolver. Click. Empty chamber. He lifts his hands. Haromba's eyes are dreadful.

HAROMBA
Z'Kuru.

JORGENSEN
Don't kill me! I was following orders!

HAROMBA
For Z'Kuru.

Haromba's spear goes THROUGH JORGENSEN'S THROAT.

[* Scenes 194-201 NOT YET NUMBERED]

193 EXT. AMBOSELI SALT FLATS - WIDE PANORAMA - DAY

Moving trail of dust, followed by another lesser one.

OTWANI'S TRUCK

Dust fouling carburetor, it's missing and coughing. He looks back over his shoulder.

WHAT HE SEES - SHEENA ON MARIKA

Galloping and gaining.

INTERCUT WITH OTWANI. He jams down on the accelerator, but that only makes the engine miss worse. Twisting in his seat, he FIRES potshots behind with his pistol. Not an easy target, Sheena keeps on coming. Still gaining. She pulls her bow from its sling, notches an arrow.

OTWANI'S TRUCK

As he twists his wheel suddenly. The truck skids, its wheels sending up an enormous cloud of salt dust.

SHOTS - SHEENA AND OTWANI

Her plunging into the dust-screen he's sent up, disoriented as in a heavy fog. Terrific visual imagery here: wraith-like zebroid and truck in the swirling dust, she emerging very near him and ducking a shot, shooting an arrow and missing, disappearing again, wheeling. A fantastic duel to the death, girl on zebra with bow and arrow versus man in truck with gun.

A bullet creases Sheena's shoulder, she's almost knocked off her mount.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she recovers and maneuvers again, we SEE something else in the b.g.: another moving cloud of dust, coming this way from the distance.

INT/EXT. ANOTHER TRUCK

Vic in it, driving like a madman. Crack of Otwani's gun across the flats, Vic reacts to the astonishing spectacle ahead. He grabs up the pistol he took off Blau, jacks a shell into the chamber.

SHEENA

Notching another arrow, racing through the dust. Otwani is coming right toward her again. Sheena pulls up Marika rearing, makes the zebroid do a fantastic bound to the side, aims her bow once more. Twang.

OTWANI

The arrow goes into his breast. Dying, choking on his own blood, Otwani spins his wheel.

INTERCUT WITH VIC'S TRUCK

Coming toward him. Vic is FIRING, bullets blow out Otwani's windshield. With his last living effort, Otwani twists his steering wheel again.

HIGH SHOT - THE TRUCKS

Otwani's veers suddenly, there's no time for Vic to evade it. CRASH! Smashing metal and glass as the trucks hit each other glancingly. Vic's gas tank EXPLODES, a mushrooming ball of fire instantly envelops both the vehicles.

SHOCK CUT - VIC

Leaping out, shirt already pulled up to cover his face and head. Horrifyingly, he's a sheet of flame, his clothes are totally on fire from his neck down. Vic throws himself down and rolls, rolls, a literal burning man, lies still as the flames are finally smothered.

SHEENA

Leaping off Marika, running up through the pall of salt dust turned orange by Otwani's death-pyre. She stops NEAR CAMERA. Anguish at what she sees below her, then she drops down. She lifts a dreadfully blistered hand INTO FRAME, presses her lips to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEENA
Vic-vic ...

INCLUDE VIC'S FACE

Bit puffed and red but not too bad. As we remember, he managed to get his head covered.

VIC
Don't think about it. How'd you do?

SHEENA
They're all gone. Dead.

VIC
Great. Me too.

SHEENA
No.

202 CONTINUED:

VIC (O.S.)
Funny thing about fatal burns. No pain at all for a couple of hours, they say your head is clear as a bell.
(then, easily)
I've had it, baby. And you know? All I can think of to say is shit.

A beat. Then Sheena lifts Vic Casey, light as a feather. Charred bits of clothing flake from his limbs as she carries him toward Marika.

DISSOLVE TO:

203 EXT. GUDJARA SACRED GROUND AREA - NIGHT

Bright moon rides in the sky. PAN DOWN to HEADLIGHTS coming toward us, accompanied by clacketty ENGINE SOUNDS.

204 INT. BOLU'S MODEL T - NIGHT

Bolu driving, Fletch beside him. Murmuring:

FLETCH
See if I got it... Zambesi Flush. Three red cards, a black deuce and a one-eye jack, right?

BOLU
Jack gotta be red. Else gotta have three cards under nine, add up to ---

Bolu breaks off, reacting to something, slams on the brake. Fletch's eyes pop in incredulity too.

205 EXT. SACRED GROUND - LOW ANGLE - IN THE HEADLIGHTS

Deja-vue. MAN'S HEAD sticking up out of the ground, just like we saw long, long ago. It's Vic, buried up to his neck in a patch of that strange whitish loam.

FEATURE FLETCH

Stepping out of the car as Bolu brakes. He gapes a moment, frozen, then starts to run forward. Bolu's out too, with amazing alacrity he brings Fletch down with a flying tackle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLETCH
Are you nuts?! The cannibals got Vic!

BOLU
No cannibals.

Fletch wrestling to get up, but the wiry old African pins him with a hammerlock. DRUMS BEGIN BEATING.

206 EXT. IN THE TREES AROUND - SHOTS - NIGHT

Bonfires leaping up. Zambulis in ceremonial garb and paint, starting to DANCE and CHANT. They snake out around Vic, carrying on in an ever increasing frenzy.

INTERCUT WITH FLETCH. Awe replacing consternation. He's not struggling to run forward any more, gradually Bolu releases the hammerlock.

207 EXT. SHAMAN'S MOUNTAINTOP - NIGHT

Sheena up here now, as The Shaman was that other time, against the moon in a mysterious trancelike attitude, a LEOPARD at her side. We HEAR the semi-distant chanting.

INTERCUT WITH THE WILD DANCE. Suddenly the leopard HOWLS.

208 EXT. SACRED GROUND - CONTINUOUS DISSOLVES - THE DANCE

Continuing ever faster, we lose all track of time. Between the dancing firelit warriors we get glimpses of Zambuli men digging frenziedly around Vic. Sudden CLIMACTIC CRY from every Zambuli throat, we SEE VIC being pulled from the pit as the dancers freeze.

FEATURE VIC

Naked as far down as modesty permits. Not a burn on his body. He turns around slowly, exhibiting himself, lifts his arms high. Blisters totally gone from that awful hand we saw before. Vic's face and manner is that of one who has experienced a miracle and knows it. A woven cloth is wrapped around his nakedness by an Elder, twisted with a trick knot as Zambuli women begin SINGING IN B.G.

VIC
(very quiet)
Where is she?

ELDER
On the mountaintop.

(CONTINUED)

208 CONTINUED:

Vic lifts his eyes where the Elder points. Fletch walks up. Vic is startled. The emotion is great here, but these aren't the kind of guys given to kissing and suchlike. Vic raises a hand, they slap five high.

FLETCH
Looking good, pal.

VIC
You too. How'd you get here?

FLETCH
Easy. I swum a river and I can't swim. I climbed two mountains and I hate heights. I walked nine hundred miles and I --

VIC
(cutting in, easy)
Later, okay? I gotta see a girl about a miracle.

FLETCH
No problem. I'd do the same.

Fletch winks. Vic starts away, then turns back.

VIC
Congratulations. You have cheekbones.

FLETCH
What?

VIC
Cheekbones.

Vic's gone. MOVE CLOSER ON FLETCH. He feels his face. He looks down and tugs at his belt. It's slack, he must've lost four inches at least. Fingers his face again.

FLETCH
Holy Moses. I have cheekbones?
(yells)
Who's got a mirror??

209 EXT. SHAMAN'S MOUNTAINTOP - DAWN

Tremendous sunrise paints the horizon. A faint mist hangs over the scene. MOVE OVER the sleeping leopard to find Sheena and Vic. They're sitting up in a natural shelter of rocks, sort of a cavemouth, Vic still in the cloth the Zambuli knotted around him.

(CONTINUED)

2c9 CONTINUED:

SHEENA
Tell me more about the place you will take me. Where the jackals eat? Twenty One?

Vic is silent for a beat.

VIC
I've changed my mind. You're not seeing any of those places.

Sheena rises quickly to her knees.

SHEENA
You mean you stay here!

VIC
I can't.
(slowly, looking at a jar of whitish loam)
I have to take this home to be analyzed. To be duplicated in a lab. God knows, it might even be a cure for cancer.

SHEENA
Vickazey, I do not understand.

VIC
There's a million things you don't understand. They'd kill you if they got their hands on you.

SHEENA
Who would kill me?

VIC
All of us.

SHEENA
You?

FLETCH (O.S.)
Hold it just like that...

INCLUDE FLETCH

Not far off, shooting with his Super-Eight, rattling on:

FLETCH
Good morning. Tough finding you guys. Great angle, keep going...

209 CONTINUED:

Vic giving him a brief look, then quiet and sad to Sheena:

VIC
All of us. The whole damn system. We'd adore you to death. With printed words, moving pictures that go through the air, with stiff hides on your feet.

FLETCH
(still shooting)
Turn your head a little, Sheena baby? Catch that pretty dawn light?

Vic stands up abruptly. Fletch lowers his camera.

VIC
Lemme see that.

FLETCH
It'll be grainy as hell when it's blown up. Add to the effect.

Vic takes the camera. He opens it quickly, pulls the film out, throws the camera down hard on a rock.

FLETCH
Are you crazy?
(choked)
There went a certified Emmy ... maybe a million bucks!

VIC
(gentle)
Fletch, ole pal. Get outa here. Siphon some gas from a wrecked truck, stick it in Bolu's job. A favor?

Fletch looks at him a moment. Whatever's happening here, it's beyond him. Fletch nods dumbly, starts off. He stops and looks back.

FLETCH
Forget the million. I'll win it back from you at poker.

Fletch walks away.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (2)

ON SHEENA

Standing and watching, lost by all that, as Vic turns back to her.

VIC
If the world finds out, it's gone. You. The Zambulis. What you've got going here. The whole ball of wax is gone.

SHEENA
What are you telling me, Vickazey?

VIC
How much I love you, Sheena. So much it busts my heart.

He embraces her. Long and tight. A kiss. Then:

SHEENA
My heart breaks also. I think I understand.

VIC
Put out the Don't Disturb sign, would you?

SHEENA
Don't Disturb?

Vic indicates the leopard.

VIC
Him. Tell him we won't be disturbed for about three hours.

Sheena gestures at the leopard.

THE LEOPARD

Rises, jumps up on a rock, crouches very much en-garde. Behind him Sheena and Vic are clinging again, kissing. They drop to the ground OUT OF FRAME. From the magnificent beast:

DISSOLVE TO:

210 EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - OVER AFRICA - DAY

Same twin-engine that brought the Americans here, now going in the OPPOSITE SCREEN DIRECTION.

211 INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

Fletch snoozing. Juka's next to him in a "Sportworld" tee shirt, ready for fortune and his union card in the U.S.A. CAMERA FINDS Vic in a seat across the aisle, by the window, looking out. Waiting for something. He reacts.

212 EXT. AFRICA - POV FROM PLANE WINDOW - DAY

A golden haired girl on a zebra, on a high promontory in a mist. Looking up.

213 BACK TO VIC - IN PLANE

Gazing at her, lifting that little Sony of his. Touches the PLAY button. From the speaker:

SHEENA'S VOICE
Will you return, Vickazey?

VIC'S VOICE
Maybe the U. S. Marines could stop me ... maybe.
(a beat, and then)
Say it again ...

214 EXT. THE GROUND BELOW - CLOSE ON SHEENA

Looking up, CAMERA DRIFTING ABOVE HER, tears in her eyes as we HEAR CONTINUING from the tape:

SHEENA'S VOICE
You are my man.

215 CLOSE ON VIC - IN THE PLANE

VIC'S VOICE
Again.

216 CLOSE ON SHEENA - DRIFTING CAMERA

SHEENA'S VOICE
Must we waste this hour on words?

217 CLOSE ON VIC

A man in a dream. Looking down, hearing a tape running in hissing silence.

218 POV FROM PLANE

Little figure of Sheena waving, Marika rearing up and turning, galloping away.

2/9 EXT. AFRICA - SHOTS OF SHEENA - ON MARIKA

END CREDITS ROLLING. Golden hair streaming, Sheena rides away. Over the plains, through the great animal herds of her Peaceable Kingdom.

FADE OUT.

The End